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LOG-CABIN YARNS

EDMUND DEACON PETERSON

THIS COPY OF "LOG-CABIN YARNS
OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS" IS
SENT YOU, WITH THE COMPLI-
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EDMUND DEACON PETERSON
5924 Woodbine Avenue
Overbrook, Philadelphia, Penn.

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Peterson
NBO



**LOG-CABIN YARNS
OF THE
ROCKY MOUNTAINS**



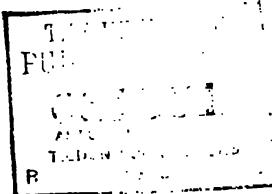
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LOG-CABIN YARNS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

BY

EDMUND DEACON PETERSON

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PREFACE

These little stories of Colorado, embodying the writer's Western experiences of twenty-odd years ago, were first and foremost a labor of love.

When the writer was a young man, it should be explained (though doubtless it would seem to many people much like "Rasselas" and his "Happy Valley" over again, that either he or they should any of them ever wish to leave beautiful old Germantown at all), he with several of his boon-companions all got the "Western-fever" together. To follow in their fathers' and grandfathers' footsteps—as is the good old Philadelphia custom—and become Philadelphia business men, made its appeal in vain to these young hopefulls, and they did not rest till, one by one, as opportunity came, each put his rosy Argonautic dream to the hard test of reality.

These "Yarns," the writer wishes to say, moreover; though all founded on fact, make no pretense whatever of being strictly accurate descriptions of actual persons and actual happenings, his sole aim and effort being to make his delineation of persons and events true to the Colorado life of that time.

And it is his hope that he may have at least some modicum of success in his effort to pass on to the reader that refreshment and rejuvenation which he himself felt in thus living his Western life over again.

For his figures for heights of mountains, distances, etc., the author wishes to acknowledge here with thanks his indebtedness to the *Encyclopedia Americana*.

Very sincerely,

THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia, Pa., August, 1912.

INTRODUCTION

The log-cabin to which the reader is here introduced was built upon its quarter-section of land near the foot of Long's Peak,¹ Colorado, on the banks of the North St. Vrain, by an ex-Captain in the U. S. Army whom we shall call Cap.² White; which quarter-section had been presented to the said officer by Uncle Sam at the close of the Civil War, and the gallant Captain had used it for a number of years as a cattle-ranch.

In 1882, when a young man, the writer lived for about a month in this log-cabin —hunting and fishing, riding down to

¹ Long's Peak is in what is known as the "Front Range" of the Rocky Mountains, is about 48 miles northwest of Denver, and is 14,171 feet above the sea, being a little higher than Pike's, which is 14,147. In 1819 Stephen H. Long explored the northern part of Colorado, and Long's Peak was named after him. The view of the Peak from Antelope Park, about a mile from Lyons, is very fine.

² Pronounced simply "Cap" as spelled, and not "Captain," though, of course, that had been his rank in the U. S. Army.

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Lyons, five miles distant, by way of Antelope Park, over the picturesque mountain-trail every fine day, as a rule, for his mail, etc.; riding out on to the cattle-range at regular intervals to salt the cattle (great steers, most of them, many of which were much larger than a horse, and all, cows as well as steers, and the two dare-devil, swaggering bulls, almost as wild as deer —feeding with the deer at times, we have been told—and no wonder, for they lived almost as wild a life: the cows were never milked, and, with the exception of the salt, none of these cattle looked to man for anything). But how they all did respect his horse's hoofs! Whenever, in salting the cattle, in his horse's opinion, these big brutes of steers became a little too familiar in their manners, how that noble animal would wheel round and deliver a broadside kick with both hind legs, that shot out like lightning together with catapult-power! Then how the big

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steers would shrink away and scatter, the biggest and bravest and longest-horned of them! We do not remember that the bulls were ever presuming, and it is hard to imagine a bull being afraid of anything—but when we were horseback we do not remember ever fearing them. And how they all did love the salt! We always went out upon the range to salt the cattle armed with pistol and great blacksnake whip, but there was never any use for either that we remember, yet one feels safer to go armed in the wilderness, where the wild animals are uncaged and there are no policemen to come at call.

NOTE.—For the sake of whoever desires to visit the Cap. White Log-Cabin, as it may still be there, we will give a route from Denver: To Boulder; to Lyons through St. Vrain Cañon; and then through Antelope Park, always towards Long's Peak, till you come to the North St. Vrain, and then up the St. Vrain to the cabin. Distance from Lyons to cabin, five miles.

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST NIGHT'S YARNS

Now, if you had been a guest in the Cap. White Cabin upon a certain evening some twenty-odd years ago, you might have heard Cap. White spin off the following little Indian yarn:—

CAP. WHITE AND THE INDIANS

“Some people think that Indians never laugh, and cannot appreciate a joke,” said the Captain, “but I know different. Let me tell you a story.”

The worthy Captain is one of a party of four men sitting round the table in the cabin, upon which table there is nothing but a little brown jug, some glasses, and pipes and tobacco.

What does the jug contain?

Well, it looks like cider, as it stands there

in the glasses, doesn't it? and perhaps it is. Let us not be too inquisitive.

"I was lying down there by the fireplace one night," pursued the Captain, "stretched out at my ease luxuriously, and reading a book by the light of the blazing logs, when a party of Indians broke in upon me suddenly and filled the cabin.

"I was surprised, of course, and yet I knew that Indians were near, for I had seen the smoke of their fires over there in Dead Man's Gulch,¹ and I knew that at that time of year they always come down hereabouts to visit the graves of their forefathers.

"Well, they kept nosing around the cabin, looking in the cupboard, looking at everything almost, and examining and handling things at their pleasure, while I stood with my back to the fire, facing them, and watching them.

"I was unarmed, though there was a six-shooter lying on the mantel-piece within

¹ About half a mile from the cabin.

reach that I knew was all loaded and ready for use if need should come.

"They were all armed, every man of them, each with his rifle and hunting knife. I presume there were ten or more of them in the cabin, and more seemed to be outside.

"At last one of the Indians commenced fingering some property of mine (I really have forgotten now what it was, but it was something precious to me—very likely a letter or trinket from a certain lady then residing away back East, but who is now my wife).

"At any rate it was more than I could put up with.

"I made a rush for him in a rage and caught him by the shoulders; then pulling him away, I pushed him toward the open door and kicked him out of it.

"And how do you think the other Indians took it?

"Why, they just guffawed, and jollied

the chap from the word ‘go’—all the time I had hold of him. They enjoyed it thoroughly, and apparently had not the remotest idea of piling pell-mell on to me and overpowering me by sheer force of numbers as they could easily have done, most likely, but took it all as a joke on their own comrade, and when I walked back into the cabin among them, they evidently thought I was a man after their own heart, and treated me after that incident, during the remainder of their self-invited visit upon me that evening, with the greatest respect.”

“Good!” cried Pete the Printer, “tell us another.” The others made a chorus for an encore, so presently Cap. yielded.

Just a word here, parenthetically, as to Pete the Printer. In polite society in Colorado and the West, as well as back East, this young man was always called, of course, by his right name, “Mr. Petrie

Pastorius." But the printers of Colorado generally called him "Pete" and in the Cap. White Log-Cabin near the foot of Long's Peak, the scene of our story, it was usually "Pete" and "Pete the Printer."

As to what manner of young man this Mr. Petrie Pastorius was, by his mode of speech, general appearance and bearing, which were those of a young man of culture and refinement, we are justified in the surmise, we think, that Petrie came of a good family of some wealth and prominence "Back East," and that, either from pure love of adventure, or seeking to better his fortunes, the young man was finishing off his education by seeing life at first hand —as is the immemorial custom in Germany; and was, very much after the manner of the German student, "roughing" it in the West, and working at his trade of printer (which trade, it was quite possible, he had learned in the printing office of his father's publishing house in Philadelphia).

But, however correct that guess may be, Pete the Printer's character and standing in Colorado were, to sum up the whole matter, something like this:

To the foremen of many newspapers and printing offices, from Greeley to Pueblo, and from Denver to Grand Junction, Pete the Printer was known simply as a good, faithful printer-at-the-case. To the editors of the *Grand Junction News*, *Central City Register-Call*, *Denver Rocky Mountain News*, and *Denver Inter-Ocean*, he was known also as a budding young writer, whose poetic effusions and what not, they were willing to publish. To the County Judge of Gilpin County, he was known (ah, unhappy fate!) as an unfortunate young gentleman whom the eagle eye of the inquisitive and unsympathetic Sheriff of that County had detected carrying a pistol in the hip-pocket of his trousers (shortly after Colorado had passed the law prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons)

and who, because of his sadly misplaced faith in the Equity of Courts (being young and inexperienced in the ways of this wicked world) had (instead of doing as he should have done, retained a lawyer to do it for him) argued his own case in the pistol-affair before the said Judge, to his sorrow, and who, had not his friends come stoutly to his rescue in his sad predicament (maintaining that he was a victim of circumstances and was amply justified in so arming himself, as he thought his life was in danger, and he had only armed himself with the pistol in self-defense), he would not only have been mulcted of fifty dollars but would have had an opportunity to write a book in jail like John Bunyan, or receive his friends in prison like immortal Socrates! To polite society in various parts of the Centennial State, notably, perhaps, the recherché circles of Denver and Colorado Springs, he was known as an agreeable young fellow who had brought

with him from the East satisfactory letters of introduction. So much for the character and standing of Pete the Printer in Colorado. Now let us hasten back to the Cap. White Log-Cabin where Cap. is just about to begin another story.

"Well, here's another little story, which together with my first one, will give you some idea, Pete, what a man has to contend with who runs a cattle-ranch near the foot of Long's Peak."

CAP. WHITE AND THE MOUNTAIN-LION

"One day I ran up the trail over there that leads out to the winter cattle range, back of the cabin, for something, firewood, very likely, I don't remember. But I hadn't a thing with me to defend myself with, not even a club or a stick, let alone a gun or a knife, when what should I do but run plumb up against a big mountain-lion.

"He didn't hear me coming and I didn't hear him coming, and suddenly there we

were right up against one another, confronting one another there in the trail, only about five to ten yards apart, and neither of us knowing at first exactly what to do. At least, I know that *I* didn't, and he looked to me as if *he* didn't either. We didn't take our eyes off one another, but stood there motionless, for a moment or so, till I thought he was preparing for a spring, and maybe you won't believe me, gentlemen, when I tell you that I then and there, out of sheer necessity, put up the biggest bluff of my life.

"I off with my hat and whirled it around my head and comported myself in a manner so ferocious and strange, even advancing a step toward the brute, as I yelled and gyrated and swung my hat round, that, darn me, if the critter didn't turn tail after a bit and run away as hard as he could go!

"We had never taken our eyes off one another, till he turned tail and ran away, and it seemed to me the puzzled lion's

thought was: 'What the dickens is this? A *man* don't act this way, nor anything else that I know of.—I don't know how to take it.—I don't know what the critter will do.'

"So off he ran.

"And I can tell you I didn't lose any time, when he was out of sight, getting back to the cabin; and I snatched my rifle and out after him, but I never saw him again.

• • • • •

"You don't laugh, Muggins," said Cap. (addressing Mr. Muggins, a grocer of Longmont, who had furnished the eatables and drinkables for the party—Cap. White, Jim Johnson and himself, who were visiting the cabin on a hunting and fishing trip; Pete the Printer being their host at the time; running the ranch for his employer, Barnes (one of a firm of cattlemen—Krupp & Barnes—then the owners of it), Barnes himself, the partner who usually lived on the ranch (Mr. Krupp at-

tending to the business end of the firm pretty much altogether at their store in Boulder), being away on a visit to London, England, his old home).

"You don't laugh, Muggins," said Cap., "do you believe it?"

"I believe it, Cap.," returned Mr. Muggins, with a broad grin. "I always thought you were an old bluffer, Cap., and now I'm sure of it. You don't bluff me any more with my grocery bills, I can *tell* you."

"Ha, ha!" returned Cap. "But what would *you* have done in a case like that?"

"Oh, he'd just a' presented one o' his grocery bills to th' lion," put in Johnson before Muggins could open his mouth, "an' that would a' settled ut—th' beast would a' scampered away fast enough then, I'll warrant."

The laugh was then on Mr. Muggins.

"Do you think your life was *reely* in danger, Cap.?" queried that gentleman innocently.

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They all laughed uproariously at this sally.

"For heaven's sake, pass me the jug!" cried Cap. "That's the limit!—and I believe Muggins is serious, too!—He never cracked a smile!"

"Oh, they won't hurt ye, these wild beasts," Johnson, who was an old hunter, commenced then in his quiet way, "it's all a mistake t' think so. Ha, ha!" (chuckling). "Why, Barnes told me hisself that a big bear walked right intuh this very cabin one day when he was cookin' 'is supper, an' cavorted aroun' on 'is hind legs, lookin' at things—opened th' cupboard door an' helped hisself to some biled pertates, an' purty soon walked out agin—all on 'is hind legs, jist like a man, an' as peaceable an' innocent as ye please. T' be sure Barnes did get up intuh the loft in a hurry, but the bear just helped hisself to th' pertates an' then tip-toed out, all on 'is hind legs, jist like a gentleman as 'e wuz—jist

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like you 'r me. Oh, they won't hurt ye!"
(chuckling again).

"And yet how we do 'suspicion' 'em, eh, Johnson?" murmured Cap., smoking away at his pipe comfortably.

After a pause in which the jug was passed and all smoked a bit in silence, Cap. turned to Pete with:

"Pete, you're next, if you'll kindly do us the favor."

Pete put down his pipe and commenced forthwith.

"My story is entitled:

" 'COLORADO'S WONDERFUL LIGHT AIR.'

"Though I was born in Pennsylvania, and so, very naturally, love the Keystone State the best, where I passed my halcyon youth and early manhood and where all my folks still live, yet Colorado certainly is one of the most wonderful and beautiful States among this country's bright galaxy of wonderful and beautiful States. To one born

here I think it must surely seem the brightest gem of them all. Aesthetically it captures the heart of the visitor at once, and he may pass on to other scenes, but he never can forget! The sky is the sky of Italy, but mountain and plain and the wonderful air are Colorado's own.

"Now there is a saying out here in Colorado, that is given as an excuse for many a shortcoming, escapade and wild antic:—

"'Oh, it's the light air,—he is not to blame! He could not help it—it's just the light air'!"

"A young fellow gets very excited about something and says a whole lot of things that were better left unsaid.

"'Oh, it's the light air!' someone is sure to explain.

"The bank clerk, the most perfect young man in town, who neither smokes nor drinks nor swears and is superintendent of the Sunday School, runs off with the bank's funds.

"Oh, horrible!" we cry, "can such things be?"

"But without fail the excuse is soon forthcoming, 'Oh, it's the light air!'

"Brown is false to his marriage-vows and Smith fails to meet his financial obligations.

"Oh, it's the light air!"

"When the 'tenderfoot' walks up hill too fast out here and begins to puff all out of breath, much sooner than he does back East, of course everyone admits that 'it's the light air'; but also, when an old man about eighty or ninety years old takes a 'tenderfoot' out over the mountains to sell him some of his mines and the 'tenderfoot' watches him with wonder and admiration, not unmixed with awe, go trotting up hill and down, up hill and down, up hill and down, for an entire day, taking his luncheon on the fly or no luncheon at all perhaps, the poor 'tenderfoot' crawling after him, almost dead with fatigue, and praying for a

horse, why, then, the only explanation possible must certainly be, 'Oh, it's the light air!'

"For an 'old man' almost anywhere else but in Colorado is an 'old man' and knows his place, and you know where to find him, and he mostly always is there, but in Colorado you can't take it for granted, and you often discover to your sorrow if you go out walking with the Colorado 'old man,' that he is setting an awfully swift pace, and is really not an 'old man' at all in any true sense of the word, with the solitary exception that he has white or gray hair; —his cheeks are so red, and his eyes are so bright, his tongue so voluble, and, above all, *his legs so untiring*, that the dark suspicion obtains in many a 'tenderfoot's' mind that he is being imposed upon somehow—he knows he is completely outclassed both as a walker and talker, and he knows that as far as all other appearances go, long before his tramp with the Colorado 'old man' is

finished, that he, the ‘tenderfoot’ of thirty-five, is the real bona-fide ‘old man,’ and the Colorado ‘old man’ is not an old man at all—the Colorado ‘old man,’ the ‘tenderfoot’ is willing to swear, is nothing at all in the world but just a husky *young* man who wears a white beard, heaven knows why! And the ‘tenderfoot’ wonders if he just dyed it somehow with snow off some mountain peak, so as to fool and almost kill any rash ‘tenderfoot’ who tries to keep up with him, as he walks him around over the mountains to show him his mines.”

After generous applause,

“Hurrah for Colorado’s light air!” Cap. cried in his hearty way. And then, after a short interval of silence,

“Pass the jug around!” he cried, “let’s all have another swig, and then Johnson and Muggins have each got to tell one, and then we’ll call it a day, and all turn in and go to bed.”

"Not me!" spoke up Johnson weakly, but no one seemed to hear.

"Cap. is boss for th' time bein'," quoth Muggins oracularly, "he built this here cabin, ye know, Pete, with his own fair hands, an' although he don't own th' ranch now, just as soon as ever he sets foot inside this cabin, Pete, he always seems to think he *does* own it—and th' whole blamed world to boot, for that matter, it seems to me, he gets so dashed independent! So though *you*, Pete, are th' *real* boss o' course, it makes no difference—so tune 'er up, Johnson, there's no escape, ye see."

"Not me!" spoke up the old hunter again in a little stronger voice, but he was not noticed this time either apparently.

Cap. smiled good-naturedly at Muggins but vouchsafed no further answer to that worthy's remarks.

"Not me!—not me, I say!" cried Johnson in a loud voice, growing more alarmed every moment, "I'll tell no story, I tell ye!

That's not in my line. I *won't*, I tell ye—d'ye hear! But *you* can, Muggins."

"Oh, *I* can, can *I*?" retorted Muggins, bursting out laughing at Johnson's terror, "I like that!—Cap., you'll have to attend to Johnson—he says he *won't*."

"Ef 'twas my turn t' shoot a deer, I could do 't—but story-tellin'—no."

"All right, Johnson," spoke up Cap., "you don't *have* to. We'll decide on the fine to-morrow."

Then Cap. winked to Pete and leaning over whispered to him: "I see venison aplenty in my mind's eye, Pete; we'll talk it over to-morrow. Johnson is the only sure-thing deer-slayer in the party—we'll fix him! He don't have to tell a story, but he's got to pay his fine—we'll each have a deer to take home with us if we work it right—catch on?"

Pete winked back at him and smiled for answer.

"It's your turn now, Muggins," Cap.

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called out, turning to that gentleman peremptorily, "get to work!"

"All right, here goes," Muggins responded briskly.

"The name of my tale is called:

" 'TH' CRY-BABY GIANT OF ROARIN' FORK'

"One day there came a-walkin' down th' gulch of th' creek called th' Roarin' Fork an' into th' town o' Glenwood Springs,¹—which, as ye know, lays almost completely surrounded by high mountains, so that ye have to be all th' time explainin' away to yerself th' feelin' that you're in a hole—a great big fellah, a reg'lar giant, from nobody knew where.

"He'd an innocent, baby face, his clothes looked like he was a rancher or such like, an' he appeared generally a whole lot like a countryman. However, though so tall an' so big—such a giant—he looked just

¹ On the Grand River, and the Denver & R. G. R. R. Famous as a health resort. Pop., 1,350.

like a big, harmless creature, an' quite a crowd o' men an' boys got round him before long an' then some o' them took t' guyin' him.

"Th' fellah he took it good-naturedly at first, but when, at last, one o' th' boldest o' th' young fellahs, a husky miner he looked like, slipped up behind th' big fellah an' knocked his hat off, matters at once commenced to begin t' happen, though maybe ye won't believe me, yet it's true as preachin', an' though I never seen th' like before, I'll swear to 't, at one an' th' same identical moment that th' big fellah swung himself round an' his right arm shot out like a kick from a horse which sent th' miner sprawlin', he also commenced t' cry—he did, by thunder! He actually 'boo-hooed', th' tears a-rollin' down his cheeks.

"Perty soon, as th' crowd around th' giant cry-baby grew bigger an' bigger, there was some more insults an' gross provocations for him, an' again his great, big

arm shot out an' another presump'shus chap bit th' dust, an' then another time th' same thing happened over again, an' then another an' another, an' still another.

"He had 'em droppin' an' rollin' over each other all round him for about a minute —th' blow of his fist was like th' kick of a horse an' any ordinary man didn't stand no show at all—an' all th' while th' tears were a' rollin' down his cheeks, an' he was boo-hooin' just like any other cry-baby.

"By this time th' crowd had had enough. There was th' greatest scramblin' you ever saw for a minute 'r two t' get well out o' th' reach o' th' big cry-baby's arm.

"An' then they all stood off at a mighty respectful distance an' just looked at him.

"There wasn't a single one among the crowd surroundin' th' giant, who dared now t' come near him."

.
There was a hearty round of applause for Muggins's story, and then, after all had

sampled the contents of the brown jug, and had had their final go-to-bed smoke, Cap. yawned and said:

“It’s time to go to bed!

“Pete, if I were you, I’d blow out the lamp about now—the fire makes enough light for us to go to bed by.”

And very soon after that Pete was sound asleep, alone in the solitary bed, while the others, wrapped in their own blankets and quilts (which they had “packed in” with them from town along with their “grub,”¹) lay on the floor and were also in the arms of Morpheus and there was no sound in the cabin but their regular breathing and the soft, soothing sound of the pitch-pine logs still burning away in the great open fireplace. The season was autumn, verging into winter, and the nights were cool, mak-

¹ Wayfarers in the woods of the Rocky Mountains are always welcome at any cabin they come to, to stop over night and take a meal or two; but for any extended stay the visitor is expected—even if an old friend—to furnish his own blankets and “grub.” So the writer was told when he was there.

ing a fire pleasant; besides, it was safer to keep the fire going pretty much all night out there in the woods—wild animals, you know, will not venture very close to a light, and in the darkness, as you are aware, they can see much better than a man can.

CHAPTER II

THE SECOND NIGHT'S YARNS

The next day was quite a busy day for all. Pete had gone fishing and caught a big mess of trout out of the good old St. Vrain, Johnson had shot a deer, and Cap. White and Muggins had, between them, killed a big black bear, so there was a-plenty of venison to eat, and trout, and no one of the party would have cause to suffer the coming winter for lack of bear-grease to oil his hair with, at any rate.

But after a square evening meal in which the venison figured largely, when they again sat around the table with the jug and glasses, pipes and tobacco upon it, they soon fell to telling stories as usual.

"Muggins has got to lead off to-night," said Cap.

"An' if I do," returned Mr. Muggins, "I know what my theme 'll be."

"What?" asked Cap.

"Why, you—it'll be all about you; I don't think Pete an' Johnson know you as I do, an' I don't think it's right t' leave them in ignorance, so I'm goin' t' "fess up' some o' your sins, Cap."

"Oh, go ahead; I'm not scared. What's to be the title of this yarn you're going to tell about me?"

"I'll call it," said Mr. Muggins, with a twinkle in his eye,

"'CAP. WHITE AS A BULLDOZER'"

"Hear, hear!" cried Cap., smiling, "sail in—I don't care."

"When Cap. took up this quarter-section o' land for a homestead some years ago an' settled down to cattle-raisin' with all his might an' main, so as t' get rich as soon as he could, an' send word t' a certain little lady away back East t' come out West t'

him here, an' be his wife—(Ahem!—that don't make you mad, does it, Cap.?")

"Not a bit of it—and I don't deny your story so far."

"Well, in those days when Cap. was workin' this cattle-ranch for all it was worth, would-be settlers used sometimes t' find their way up here an' interview Cap., so I've heard, t' try t' find out exactly where Cap.'s quarter-section was, so they could take up a quarter-section an' start a cattle-ranch somewhere around here themselves.

"'Ah, Captain,' they would say, after conversin' a bit on th' weather an' other topics of a general nature, 'show me where your corners are—define your boundaries.'

"An' Cap. would at once look wild, so I've heard, an' say, with appropriate gestures:

"'Do you remember those bars that you came through by the creek, on the trail about a mile before you came to the cabin—that was my east boundary. And from those

bars up to the Snowy Range is all mine—the Snowy Range is my west boundary; an' Coffin-Top Mountain over there is my south boundary. And that range of mountains yonder is my north boundary.'

" 'Oh, come off!' th' would-be settler would exclaim, growin' angry, 'have some sense! It must be at least five miles from those bars to th' Snowy Range!—an' from Coffin-Top t' that range o' mountains over there, north, must be a good five miles, too! Do ye mean t' say ye claim everything in sight? I can find out in town where your boundaries are, an' I will, too!'

" 'Much good it will do you!' Cap. would retort.

" 'Well, if it suits me I'll come out here an' settle—d' ye see? You have no right t' any more'n just your quarter-section, th' same as anybody else—you're usin' half-a-dozen settlers' rights in this ranch, you are! From those bars t' the Snowy Range! Ye make me tired! If ye refuse t' define your

boundaries, I'll get 'em from someone else who knows, an' if I find a quarter-section around here that suits me, I'll take it up, too, an' build me a cabin on it an' have my home here.'

" 'Yes, you will—like h—l!'

" 'What's to prevent?'

" 'All I've got t' say is,' returns Cap., in a decisive tone an' a look in his eyes that shows he means what he says, 'I'll make it pretty hot for anyone who settles on my ranch! *You hear me!*'

"An' th' upshot of it was, he scared th' life out of 'em so, they were afraid t' take his dare an' come up here. An' nobody ever did come up here an' interfere with Cap.'s little game of gettin' rich raisin' cattle on this beautiful cattle-ranch, whose boundaries extend in every direction as far as you can see. Cap. didn't have t' build any fences an' nobody else's cattle ever got mixed with his, for th' Snowy Range was a good fence, an' so was Coffin-Top Moun-

tain an' that range t' th' north, an' few were th' cattle that ever managed t' get away across those boundaries. Yes, he *did* have a fence, too (excuse me, Cap.), he had about twenty feet o' fence—that fence down there that crosses th' stream, where th' bars are, on th' trail, as you come up t' th' cabin, just as you see 't to-day."

.
Mr. Muggins commenced smoking, there was some laughter and applause, and then Cap. arose and spoke up in his own defence.

"Of course you all understand, gentlemen," said he gravely, "that this is merely a '*story*' which Mr. Muggins has just kindly given us, and not in any sense a '*statement of fact*.'" (Bowing to Mr. Muggins.) "This much is, true, however:—That I discouraged settlers coming in up here because there was no room for more than one settler up here, and I was already here. See? Now, Johnson" (turning to the old hunter) "you know what's expected of you!—it's

your turn next at the story-telling—you've got to tell your story just the same as anybody else!" (with a wink to Pete on the side).

"I'll tell ye wat I'll do, Cap.," replied poor Johnson, squirming in his chair, "ef ye'll let me out o' the story-tellin' to-night, an' purswade Pete t' tell wun fur me,—I'll make a presint uv a deer tu ev'ry man in th' party—so that ev'ry man in this here cabin t'night uz we kum ridin' hum intuh Longmont, 'll hev a deer tu show fur hisself an' take hum t' is wife, an' Pete sh'll hev wun, tu, t' cil'brate Barnes's hum-comin' w'en 'e gets back here frum ole Englan' (which is, o' corse, ef I've th' snoopin' gud luck t' knock over that meny deer, ye understan'). What d'ye say, Cap.?"

Cap. (aside to Pete) : "The old hunter must be a mind-reader!"

"Sure thing!" returned Pete *sotto voce*.

"Why, as far as I am concerned, Johnson," cried Cap. jovially aloud to the old

hunter, "I agree to your kind and generous proposal with thanks, much as I should like to hear a story from you. Pete, what do you say?"

"I accept with thanks," responded Pete, "I'll rig up some kind of a craft and call it a yarn—trust *me*—the inducement is great!"

"I know there won't be any kick coming from Muggins," pursued Cap., "catch Muggins kicking at a thing like that!"

"I've got too much sense t' kick at anything like that," returned Muggins, grinning, "for I know we've got a sure thing, an' it's a fool who'll kick at a sure thing. Whoever heard o' Johnson not bein' able t' shoot a deer in these here woods whenever he wants one?"

"It's pretty blamed near a sure thing, I'll own," said Cap. "You see what confidence we have in you, Johnson," (rising to his feet and addressing the old hunter with a low bow), "we acknowledge, you see, John-

son, that you're the best hunter in the party. And you see that you can't make any breaks like that without taking the consequences. We all agree to your kind proposal with thanks."

"Oh, I'm lucky, that's all," returned Johnson in some confusion, filling his pipe as he talked, "you're just ez good a hunter yerself ez I be, Cap., ef ye on'y nu ut, an' worked ez hard. Howsomever, hev ut yer own way. I'm much obligeed t' all uv ye for yer good opinyun, I'm sure."

"Now, Pete, you're in for it," said Cap., turning to Pete. "Say, Pete, by the way, do you know it has always puzzled me how in thunder a printer—you say you're a printer?"

"Well, I certainly know the trade," returned Pete, "my father was a publisher, and I learned the printer's trade in his printing office."

"Well, as I was going to say, it has always puzzled me, Pete, how in thunder a

printer could find his way up here alone from Lyons to this cabin, even if Krupp *did* give you a rough sketch of the trail and instructions about it."

"There are printers *an' printers*," suggested Muggins, "Pete must be th' kind of a printer that *could* do 't, eh, Pete?"

"Well, I *did* do it," answered Pete gravely, the smile leaving his face, "but it was more owing to good luck than good management, I'm afraid; I'm not 'stuck up' about it, and I'll tell you why, Cap.:

"It has always seemed to me, Cap., that but for a kind Providence, I just as likely as not never *would* have got here. I came within an ace of going right on past the cabin to the Snowy Range and nowhere, so to speak."

"Why, you don't say so?—I never heard that!" exclaimed Cap.

"Yes, I was considerably off the trail, that's sure—too high up on the mountain-side. There was only one little thing, it

has always seemed to me, which prevented me from getting lost that afternoon, and spending the night heaven only knows how and where! I had traveled far enough—the cabin was right abreast of me, had I only known it, but I did not. There is scarcely a doubt I would have continued on my way and gone straight ahead, and perhaps got hopelessly lost, but for one little thing that happened, as I have said—and it was only about half an hour to sunset and nightfall." Pete paused.

"Well," queried Cap., "what was that little thing that happened?"

HOW PETE WAS SAVED BY A SQUIRREL

"Well, I'll tell you, Cap. (and this will have to pass as the story I have agreed to tell for Johnson, though it is a short one).

"As I have already remarked, then, just as I came abreast of the cabin, which was quite a distance below me down the mountain-side, and I walking straight ahead, and

having no idea the cabin was near, and seeing no sign of it—when out ran a squirrel—a little red chipmunk came down a tree and sat on a rock to the left of me.

“Out flashed my revolver, I can tell you; (the only weapon I had with me) for though I had thought nothing about it, instinct is strong in a man in such a case, and there was no doubt but that if I failed to find the cabin I would be without anything to eat. I had matches, and therefore could build a fire and camp out in the open, if it came to the worst, but something to eat I must have—a man after a tramp like that, particularly in Colorado’s ‘wonderful light air,’ is hungry as a bear—eh, Cap.?”

“You bet!”

“And I was that hungry, gentlemen, I can assure you, and quite tired as well, so it was not blood-thirstiness but more blind instinct than anything else, which caused me to whip out my revolver like a flash when the poor little innocent chipmunk ran down the

tree to the left of me and sat up in a squirrel's cute and pretty way on the pinnacle of a rock.

"But when I come to the squirrel, my story of how I came near being lost in the Rocky Mountains, walking toward the Snowy Range, with nightfall not far away, practically arrives at a happy conclusion, for the little squirrel was sent by a kind Providence, I have always believed, *merely to make me turn my head to the left, and gaze intently in that direction*, for as I did so, and blazed away at the poor little chipmunk with my revolver (missing him, I am thankful to say—so far as I know—for it would have seemed sad to me if I had shot and killed the very instrument of a kind Providence, which, I believe, certainly saved me much trouble and pain, and perhaps saved my life), *as I turned to the left and shot at the chipmunk, I saw, through the trees and bushes, over the brow of the hill, about a hundred feet, perhaps, further*

down the mountain-side, the top of the stone chimney of the cabin! You bet it was a grateful sight! I felt sure at once from the description that Krupp had given me that it could be no other than Cap.'s old cabin, and so it proved. I was saved by a kind Providence, it seemed, that sent the squirrel scampering down the tree just at the right time to make me find the cabin. A few moments earlier or later would not have answered the purpose. It had to be just about that very particular identical moment, and if a squirrel had run down a tree to the right of me, or in front of or behind me, it would not have answered either. In either of these supposititious events I can see myself walking on and on—and then, with night-fall, building up a campfire and sitting lonely beside it, hungry and weary, yet scarcely daring to sleep for fear of wild creatures that might be peering at me through the bushes or from the branches of a tree over my head or near at hand, as I

sat by the fire—a hungry wildcat, perhaps, or a mountain-lion, or a bear—who if I had fallen asleep and the fire had got low or gone out, might have made a meal out of poor Petrie Pastorius, and all his grand twentieth-century dreams and ambitions come to a sudden and terrible ending, and I should not in that case, be telling this yarn here to-night.”

“You bet you wouldn’t,” said Muggins, with his usual oracular shake of the head.

• • • • •

“Muggins,” queried Cap., banteringly, “do you believe in Special Providences?”

“I refuse t’ answer, as ’t might incriminate me, as they say in Court,” returned Mr. Muggins, grinning, “but I know Pete ’ll forgive me if I say that I’ll bet he was keepin’ a purty sharp lookout for th’ cabin about that time in every direction there was, an’ more too, if possible; an’ I’ll merely remark parenthetically, in relation t’ th’

fact o' Pete's failin' t' shoot th' squirrel,
that squirrel pot-pie is good!"

"You bet it is!" Cap. agreed.

"I won't deny ut," declared Johnson,
"ut's good."

"Nor I," said Pete, "but I would not have
eaten that squirrel, I don't believe, if I *had*
killed it, which I am thankful I didn't,—
for as I say, I believe it was sent by a kind
Providence."

"Neither would I," said Cap. "I
wouldn't have eaten it either, under the
circumstances—but Muggins would, I'm
afraid."

"No, *I wouldn't*," returned Muggins,
"that's where you're wrong, Cap., I
wouldn't have eaten it *under th' circum-*
stances, for I *couldn't* even if I *would*—for
one o' th' circumstances that Pete was up
against was, it seems, that whereas he shot
at th' squirrel, he nevertheless failed t' *hit*
it; an' I have a rule I never break, Cap.,—
I never 'skin my hare till I catch it.'"

"Those Longmont grocers *do know a thing or two*," Cap. remarked in a very audible tone aside to Johnson, "they know how to spit a hole in the snow, and they know how to come in out of the rain, and two or three other things besides, it seems."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Muggins, "see Cap. squirm!—I beat him that time an' he don't like 't one bit!—Come, now, Cap., be good, an' take a good bracin' drink o' that molasses an' water an' then tell us a good long story before we go t' bed. Indians or mountain-lions—I don't care a cuss which—anything so it's hot—Give us th' hot stuff! an' a good long one!"

"Not to-night!" cried Cap. testily.

He was lolling lazily back in his chair, and looked as if he felt more like going to sleep than telling a story. "Muggins, you're talking through your hat!" cried he, "you're always trying to make a man do something that he don't want to! I don't know any story to tell to-night, gentlemen

—I'm going to beg off like Johnson. I tell you what I'll do, Pete—if you'll tell my story for me to-night, I'll bake a big batch of biscuits for breakfast, and we'll have hot biscuits to eat along with those trout you're going to fry us as usual, I hope, and then with that good cup of coffee Muggins knows how to make, and some of Johnson's venison that I'll cook myself, besides baking the biscuits—and Johnson can peel a mess of potatoes for me to fry, if he will, and also cut the firewood, and then we'll have a *scrumptious* breakfast!"

"Take him up, Pete—it's another sure thing!" quoth Muggins, "you'll never regret it. Cap.'s biscuits can't be beat (if I do say 't t' his face)!" (Cap. rose and bowed to Muggins.) "I'd a darnsight sooner eat his biscuits than hear 'im tell a story any day. Some o' his stories he's told us so often that he almost believes 'em *himself*. I'll take that back, Cap.," he added quickly, and quite seriously too, for he knew well that

Cap. didn't like a joke like that, and it was never quite safe to make such a joke with him.

"You better," retorted Cap., trying to say it good-naturedly, "or you won't get any of my biscuits for breakfast."

Then there were just a few moments of strained silence.

"I kin reckermend Cap.'s biskits meself, Pete," spoke up Johnson diplomatically, "ye never ate any better; I advise ye t' axcipt 'is offer, Pete—an' I hope ye do, fur our sakes, ef not fur yer own. Slapjacks is all right, but a man gets tired o' almost anything ef he has t' eat ut too often hand-runnin'. I hope ye axcipt Cap.'s offer, Pete, frum me heart I do!"

"Why, Pete, ye've got t' do 't!" exclaimed Muggins, waking up to the gravity of the situation—the alternative of old greasy slapjacks or Cap.'s nice light hot biscuits, baked in the oven of the little cooking range which Mrs. Krupp had persuaded

her husband to pack in to the cabin over the rough mountain-trail for the short time that she and her husband lived there before Barnes was taken in as a partner. "Say, Pete," he continued, wildly, "are ye goin' t' cheat us all out of our hot biscuits?"

"All right," cried Pete, laughing, "I acquiesce. I'll do my best. Here is my story (and you must admit, Muggins, that it sounds kind of warm to begin with, anyway) :

" 'BEAUTIFUL MADELINE,
THE BIG SWEDE'S DAUGHTER;
A TALE OF CLOUD-CAPPED LEADVILLE.'

"Leadville, that makes her eagle's nest among the clouds,¹ is yet by no means more like heaven on that account, gentlemen, as you are all probably aware, and as I was

¹ The altitude of Leadville is 10,200 feet, and it has about 12,455 inhabitants (1900). It is 80 miles by rail southwest of Denver, and its annual production of metals amounts to \$10,000,000.

entering that city for the first time with an old Leadville acquaintance (a printer named Jack Lafarge) Jack suddenly called my attention, as we walked along, to a big, fine-looking blond woman, who was sitting alone behind a colored coachman driving a pair of high-stepping horses to a stylish drag up the street we were on and coming directly toward us.

"A very stylish turn-out, all round," I said, after the team had dashed past us, "very swell, she's a good-looking woman, too, that woman is—who is she?"

"That's th' "Big Swede."'

"The "Big Swede,"" I repeated, "well, who is *she*? I never heard of *her* before?"

"Well, you'll hear a lot about 'er if ye stay in Leadville long," replied Jack. "An' if ye ever waken up at night an' hear th' pistols poppin' over there on th' hill, why, you'll prob'ly hear some one say th' next mornin' that "there was a shootin'-bee up at th' 'Big Swede's' last night."

"Does she keep a saloon?" I asked.

"No, a dance-hall. Oh, there's a bar there o' course, an' a card-room, an' various other games."

"She must be rich, at any rate, to drive a swell rig like that."

"She *is* rich: She's money in th' bank. She has a good gold-mine, too—"Treasure Trove" she calls 't—an' she runs 't 'erself, dresses up like a man when at 'er mine an' goes through 't regularly ev'ry day—she's the reg'lar superintendent of 't as well as th' owner. Captain Randall, a rich duck here, offered 'er fifty thousand dollars for 'er mine an' she turned 'is offer down almost afore it was out o' his mouth, 'e says. They say a hundred thousand plunks is more like what it's worth, an' they say that old Randall knew 't d—d well, too."

"I'm right glad I met you, Jack," said I, "for you've posted me up a little on Leadville. What's the "Big Swede's" right name?"

" 'God-'lmighty only knows that, Pete,' returned Jack. 'She's always just called th' "Big Swede." But some people say that she's th' wife of a man named Rhinehart, a mysterious individual 'at comes gallopin' out o' th' mountains at night on a beautiful gray horse, about once a week, puts up at th' Continental Hotel, th' best hotel in Leadville, ye know, goes up t' th' "Big Swede's" an' spends th' evenin' in 'er private apartments on th' second floor where no other visitor but 'im is ever allowed t' enter, comes back to th' hotel about midnight —an' a little after that, leaves th' hotel an' rides swiftly off on 'is beautiful gray horse. I've seen 'im leave th' hotel a thousan' times meself, Pete, just as I've described, for midnight's th' time, ye know, that we mornin' paper men come t' th' hotel for our midnight-lunch, an' he's as fine a lookin' man, too, as ye ever saw—big an' tall an' handsome, dark eyes an' hair, swell mustache, an' always shaved nice an' clean,

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quite a dandy, an' wears a gray corduroy suit an' fancy foots an' big spurs, an' gray slouch-hat—oh, he looks th' gentleman, he does, *don't you fear!* in ev'ry way. An' almost every time that you'll hear th' "Big Swede's" name mentioned by anybody about these diggin's, you'll almost always hear 'em say somethin' about Beautiful Madeline, the "Big Swede's" daughter.'

"Is she a dance-hall girl?" I queried.

"Jack looked horrified.

"*Well, I should say not!*" he answered emphatically. 'Why, Pete,' said he, hooking one of his fingers into the button-hole of my coat, so that I could not by any possibility break away till he had got it said, 'maybe ye won't believe me!—But everyone in these here diggin's knows it's th' gospel truth!—*that there girl is the most beautiful girl ye ever saw! an' just as good as she is beautiful!*'

"Does she live up there in the "Big Swede's" dance-hall along with her

mother?' I asked, giving him a quick glance.

"*'She don't live up there in th' dance-hall with 'er mother!*" protested Jack, '*not her!*'

"Indeed, Jack showed so much feeling about it that he actually seemed on the point of bursting into tears, so that it was impossible to doubt his sincerity.

"It's God-'lmighty's honest truth I'm tellin' ye, Pete!" he asseverated solemnly,— "Whatever th' "Big Swede" may be ye can't prove it by me—an' Captain Randall says he's been in her dance-hall several times on business an' never saw nothin' out o' th' way, though th' Methodist Church people say it's th' mouth o' hell—so ye can take your choice. But ye won't find nobody in Leadville t' dispute that Madeline's as good a girl as ever breathed th' breath o' life! I don't suppose 'at she an' 'er mother 've met in many years, Pete! Beautiful Madeline lives on a ranch—"Sky

Farm" is the name of 't. It's a mile or so from _____ City, which is two 'r three stations afore ye come to Leadville on th' railroad goin' west, ye know. It's a very purty country down there, too, around _____ City, as p'raps ye noticed when ye came by on th' train!"

"'Yes, I remember it well,' said I, 'it was as beautiful as a dream, Jack, and I felt like getting off there, but I knew there were no big metropolitan daily papers there and the depletion in my exchequer was such' (tapping my pocket with a smile) 'that I felt I must hurry on to Leadville where more chance of typesticking was to be had.'

"'Well, first chance ye get, ye must take a trip down there,' he continued; 'I go down there quite often meself. Th' altitude down there is, o' course, not near so high as up here in Leadville, an' they raise good crops down there—wheat and hay, principally, I think—an' trees an' flowers an' grass

grow there about as well as anywhere, but Leadville's too high for much vegetation. I know they raise wheat down there, for one thing, on "Sky Farm," for I've worked there meself more'n once at harvest time, an' helped 'em t' harvest th' wheat, when I could get no work in Leadville at settin' type. The country's so purty down there 'at excursions run from Leadville down there on Sundays an' other holidays durin' th' summer. But here's th' *Record* office, where I'm workin' now, Pete,' exclaimed Jack suddenly, stopping before a building which bore a sign reading '*The Leadville Daily Record*,' 'an' I must go up an' go t' work. By th' way, Pete!' he shouted back at me from the doorway, 'your friend, Newlin, is here—been in town for two weeks—you'll meet 'im, most likely, if ye stay awhile!—He's workin' on th' *Evening Times!*'

"So Jack and I parted, and I did not see him again for several days. But, as he

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predicted, I *did* hear quite often (as I went back and forth through the town) of the 'Big Swede' and of her beautiful daughter, Madeline; and I also was so fortunate as to meet my good friend, Newlin, as well, the very next day. Newlin was a big Cornell graduate whom I had got acquainted with down in Denver, and our greetings were most cordial.

"'Glad to see you, old man!' I cried heartily as we shook hands warmly.

"'The same to you!' he returned with seemingly equal fervor, as glad to meet me apparently as I to meet him.

"'Where's your chum?' I asked.

"(This chum of his, who was a surveyor by profession, was, if anything, a heavier man even than Newlin himself, and they were both about six feet tall and broad in proportion, and both about twenty-five years of age, I should judge. In Denver, though really no relation, they were sometimes called the 'Big Twins.'")

"Oh, "the loppus," you mean?—Why, he's in luck it seems. We came up here together two weeks ago. But after a week of hunting for work here, he gave up the search in disgust, and "slid" down to Denver again—and now last night he writes me he's struck a steady Government job of office work surveying in Denver at five dollars a day!"

"Good for him!" I cried.

"Yes, it's fine! By the way, Pastorius, though I'm sorry to say it now you're here, I return to Denver to-night."

"The dickens you do!" I ejaculated, 'sorry for that!—though I'm uncertain how long I'll stay here myself, to be sure. What's your hurry?"

"Oh, I've been sticking type on the *Evening Times*, but the job played out today,—the fellow I was "substituting" for has come back, you see. And, besides, they want me back right away at my old job in Denver. So there you are. I leave here

to-night. Have you caught on here yet?"

"No, not yet."

"I hope I'll see you down in Denver again soon."

"Not soon," I returned, "for I'm headed the other way—to Grand Junction, the other side the Range. I'm thinking of preempting a ranch in the Grand Valley, Mesa County, on the old Indian Reservation, near Grand Junction."

"Oh! and in a few months more now I hope to start for the San Juan country and open an assayer's office there—there's a rattling big boom down there, they say!"

"Such is life!" I cried, as we shook hands good-bye: 'Over the Range where the Indians are, for me!—one of Uncle Sam's free farms for me!' and with a laugh I threw up my right arm dramatically in mock-heroics.

"San Juan or bu'st for me!" cried Newlin, in the same mock-heroic vein,

laughing. And then wishing each other good luck we separated in high good humor and with much laughter, as young men will, with all their life before them, never to meet again to this day.

"When I met Jack Lafarge a few days after this, and remarked that I was getting tired of loafing round Leadville, he suddenly seemed to have an inspiration strike him.

"'I tell ye what I'd do, Pete, if I was you!' exclaimed he enthusiastically, 'just what I've done more'n once meself in like circumstances. They're workin' with their wheat right now down on "Sky Farm"—I know they are, for they've an advertisement for help in this very mornin's *Record*—I set the type of it up meself last night. O' course the pay is on'y mod'rate—a dollar a day an' yer board—but ye might do worse easy. I'd take it, if I was you—I'd hustle down there on th' first train an' ketch on t' th' job if ye can. What d' ye say?'

"The idea struck me favorably. It was 'something,' and 'something' beats nothing any day.

"'Any port in a storm, Jack,' I cried, 'as the sailors say. Thank you for the suggestion; I'll go!'

"'Got th' price of a ticket—fifty cents?' inquired he, 'I can lend ye a dollar if—'

"'Thank you, Jack, but that's all right,' I returned—'I've got a fiver yet, thank heaven! I'll pull through all right—thank you all the same!'

"'I lost a twenty at poker up at th' "Big Swede's" last night,' said he, 'but I'll beat that squint-eyed sharper o' hers an' get it back again to-night, or I'll know th' reason why!—I've got another one yet,' and he held up a twenty-dollar gold-piece.

"'Put it in the bank, Jack,' said I, looking at my watch. It was three o'clock.

"'The train leaves for —— City quarter to five, Pete,' said Jack, returning his coin to his pocket. 'I must go round t' th'

office an' "throw in" a little type, an' you can be packin' yer grip—I'll come down t' th' station an' see ye off.'

"So with that Jack walked off and I hurried to my room to pack my valise (my trunk was still at the station).

"Now as I sat in the train for —— City at about half-past four, up rushed Jack to the open car-window where I was leaning out and watching for him.

"I hope ye ketch on, Pete' said he, 'I hope ye get th' job. By th' way, Pete,' he continued, 'you'll have very aristocratic company if ye do—did I tell ye?'

"No; who?"

"Why, Lord Archibald Glendenning!"

"What are you giving me, Jack?" said I.

"It's true!—it's true!" returned Jack. 'Lord Archie is the real thing, you bet! He's a reel lord—an English lord, he is—an' rich, too.'

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Why, all Leadville knows 't!" cried

Jack, 'd' ye s'pose a reel English lord could hide himself?—He has t' go t' bank, don't he? Oh, there ain't no doubt—he's reel, you needn't fear. An' he'll be there at "Sky Farm"—he's in love with Madeline, that's it!—an' he's hired out as a harvest-hand at "Sky Farm" just so's to be near 'er! He's hired out to help 'em in with their wheat-harvest again this year as he did last year when I was there—but they'll want one more hand, I think,—they did last year—an' I hope you ketch on. Madeline Brown is her name. Bill Brown owns th' ranch an' she goes with th' Browns everywhere. I suppose they're related. Madeline does th' cookin'—did I tell ye?"

" 'No,' I returned.

" 'Well, she does, an' it's the wonder o' the hull neighborhood, her cookin', I can tell ye—it's th' best! I never ate such pies in me life—the pie-crust just melts in yer mouth (not but what there's plenty of it, too!) Why, half th' swells in Leadville are

in love with that girl, Pete!—not t' speak o' the men in th' mines—an' as for th' farm-hands for miles round "Sky Farm" they're crazy about 'er—she refused dozens of 'em afore Lord Archie came on th' field. She's had more offers of marriage than ye can shake a stick at, Pete! Lord Archie ain't th' on'y one, I can tell ye! P'raps ye can cut 'im out, Pete. I look for nothin' else but you'll fall in love with her, too. *I did,* but I didn't have no chance,' and Jack smiled a sickly smile.

"'All aboard!' cried the conductor.

"'Well, good-bye, Pete!—good luck!' and Jack waved me a farewell with his hand.

"'Good-bye, Jack,' I returned warmly, 'and I thank you very much for your kindness. Here, have a cigar!' and I managed to reach him one just as the train rolled away. (I was flush with cigars just then, for I had received a box of fragrant Havanas a short time before—a birthday pres-

ent from one of my brothers back East.)

"Well, gentlemen, I slept that night at 'Sky Farm,' for they did want another hand there, as Jack thought, and I got the job, and my bedfellow was the regular farm-hand on the place. I slept with him in his room, and the distinguished occupant of the guest-room (which was immediately next to ours) was none other than that young English nobleman, Lord Archibald Glendenning, Madeline Brown's declared lover and suitor for her hand.

"'Sky Farm'!—Ah, gentlemen, it is a very pretty picture that rises up before me in my mind as I speak those words!—The pretty red-roofed farm-house, surrounded, as is usually the case, as you know, on the ranches of Colorado (the *farm*-ranches, as perhaps I might term them, to distinguish them from *cattle*-ranches) by a grove of high trees; the yellow fields of wheat waving in the sun! (and is any wheat so golden as the wheat of Colorado's mountain

ranches?) Or is the sun anywhere quite so bright, and the sky so blue anywhere on God's footstool as in those beauty-spots? Or is it only by contrast with the great, picturesque leviathan-backed, snowy-peaked mountains which wall them round, that they seem so? It may be partly imagination, but it always seemed to me that in the rarefied air of those high altitudes all the colors and shapes in earth and sky are brighter and clearer. Even down in Denver the sunrise and sunset are gorgeous beyond description, and the higher one gets, it seems to me, the more gorgeous the colors become.

"But even on 'Sky Farm,' gentlemen, there was only *one* angel! No, she was not an angel, of course—I don't mean that: In this wicked world there are no angels. But she was a good woman, and a beautiful one, and a sensible one, which is next-door to an angel!

"Every story, as a general rule, as you

know, gentlemen,—as well as every drama, every painting,—must have its sunshine and its shadow. For such is life, as a rule, though in Heaven we believe that it is different.

“To be candid with you, gentlemen, I feel the greatest temptation in the world right now to take a sponge and wipe completely off my slate, as it were, all the shadows in this story wherever they appear! But perhaps if I did so, I would be doing harm rather than good, for then it would not be a true picture of life as I found it; and would it not then be somewhat as if that great ancient Greek poet, Homer, accounted as you know one of the greatest story-tellers of either the ancient or modern world, had wiped off his slate ‘Circe,’ the wicked enchantress, you remember, who turned the companions of ‘Ulysses’ into swine? But if indeed in all the modern world outside this little scene I am delineating here, there were no counterpart—if this

were indeed an exception to all the rest of the modern world, this little scene the only one in all the world to-day where wickedness existed, it might be excusable in me perhaps to do so,—but, alas! I hardly think I have that excuse for wiping the shadows off my slate, for, I'm very much afraid, gentlemen, that we have now largely the same wicked old world to deal with to-day as Homer pictured centuries ago.

“Here, then, is the sunshine of my story!—Peaceful, picturesquely beautiful ‘Sky Farm,’ with beautiful Madeline, as good as she was beautiful, and her manly and true-hearted lover, the handsome young English nobleman, Lord Glendenning. The ‘Big Swede’s’ dance-hall casts the shadow.

“Take a good look at the sunshine, then, gentlemen, and enjoy it, so you can better stand the shadow.

“I learned several interesting things, before we got to sleep that night, from my

roommate, the regular hired man, who was quite a good sort of a chap, a pious Methodist, who kept himself and his room neat and clean, I was glad to find. I learned that he had two suits of blue overalls that he worked in, and one was always clean out of the wash every Monday morning for him to put on and start a new week's work in. I learned that Mr. Brown, our boss, was 'one of the wickedest men in the world!' according to his good Methodist hired man; and I learned that the boss's son, Jacob, was only 'not so bad, because he didn't know yet how to be—he was young yet,' but John Wesley Clements (for that was the hired man's name) considered him a 'chip off the old block' and only 'what you might expect.' Lord Archie was 'good enough,' thought John, 'yes, he was a good fellow, on the whole. He's all right at heart, is Lord Archie,' thought John. 'He wouldn't harm his worst enemy unless his worst enemy deserved it,'

was John's opinion. I was waiting quite anxiously, I'll own, to see if he would mention Madeline at all of his own volition. After a bit I was afraid he would drop off to sleep without mentioning her, so I said:

"‘By the way,’ said I, ‘they say Miss Madeline Brown is a pretty nice sort of a girl—I heard so up in Leadville.’ John didn’t answer for a little bit and then he said very quietly and with a certain softness, I thought:

“‘Madeline? Oh, of course *she’s* nice. She’s as *good* as she can *be*. You never saw her?’

“‘Never,’ I returned, adding after a little pause:

“‘A fellow up in Leadville told me she was the most beautiful girl he ever saw, and as good as she was beautiful—very likely he exaggerated a little bit.’

“‘No, he didn’t—he didn’t exaggerate a bit!’ returned John warmly; and then

pretty soon in that soft tone of voice again, he said, 'She's *all* that—God never made a prettier girl than Madeline, nor a better one!'

"'How does she get along with the boss and his son, then?' I queried quickly.

"'Well, she gets along; that's all I can say. You'll see. Mrs. Brown's influence is good—she's a member of our church—so is her daughter. Besides,' he added, 'it's easier for her of late because, as I suppose you know, Lord Archie loves her and makes no secret of it that he's asked her to marry him. They're about the same as engaged, I guess. He's rich. Lord Archie 'd die for her any day, he would,—I'll say that much for him! But who wouldn't? I guess there always *has* been somebody about to perfect her. I've been here ever since *she* has,' said John simply, but with that softness again and also a tremble in his voice, 'an' I know there couldn't no man harm her against her will while *I* was

around, boss or no boss or within sound of her voice neither! That's where Lord Archie and I agree. 'Stead o' hatin' each other, we like each other better because—because of Madeline.' And John commenced to snore very soon after this, though I don't think he was asleep. However, I went to sleep so soon afterwards myself that I cannot say.

"The next morning at the breakfast table I had the pleasure of seeing Madeline Brown for myself, for she ate with the family as we all did, which is not so unusual in the country, I think, East or West, as in the city. Madeline poured the coffee and tea for us all, Mrs. Brown being quite an invalid, I understood. Miss Brown was at the table, I believe, but I do not remember her.

"Well, Madeline was certainly a beautiful girl—strikingly so—my first glance told me that. She was neither too tall nor too short, and she had a pretty form, too—well-

molded, perfectly rounded, but not too plump. Her cheeks were exquisitely oval, and with a fine rosy color. She had brown hair and blue eyes. Her face was beautifully molded, too. She had a pretty nose—not Roman, but it was strong. Her mouth was a perfect Cupid's bow, and she had an uncommonly sweet smile.

“‘Can any woman be an unusually good cook and not be a fine woman?’ I cogitated as I ate that thoroughly good breakfast (perfectly cooked, everything all right), glancing at her from time to time!—No man who remembers with fond pride his mother’s cooking, and then thinks of the cooking of slovens and ‘don’t cares’ which he has been so often obliged to eat, can believe it possible. A fine woman can’t do the slightest thing, even, can she, without it being plain to the discerning eye that she *is* a fine woman? And have we not all seen beautiful women with sparkling jewels in their perfumed, powdered

hair and richly and perfectly attired in one of the great Parisian dressmaker, Worth's, incomparable gowns, perchance, in a splendid ball-room, but did you ever see a pretty woman look prettier than when dressed in a simple dress, with her sleeves rolled up, making bread, or doing some simple thing like that? It is impossible for a woman to look prettier than she does when engaged at some such work as that, though she have wealth to load herself with jewels and wear the finest clothes!"

"Bravo!" interjected Cap. enthusiastically, "that's God's truth!"

"Hurrah! that's the sort!" came from Johnson.

Muggins seemed to be trying to think of something funny to say for a moment, then looked serious and cried out, "That's dead-right, Pete,—that's dead-right! You hit it off dead-right that time!"

"Who has not seen some poor factory girl, in the city," pursued Pete, warming up

with his theme, "clad in a cheap dress, and shabby but neat, outshine with her beauty and grace and the sweet, gentle spirit within her (none of which can be hidden) many a *grande-dame* of wealth and fashion, who passed her on the street! We men sometimes look at a woman and think: 'Could anything be more inconsequential?' eh, Cap.?"

"You're right, my boy!" returned Cap., "you're right!"

"And then," continued Pete, "perhaps the very next instant, arises before us (from we scarcely know where, unless she dropped down out of heaven), shining like a vision, a woman of a far different type, and we poor wretches of men exclaim in rapture: 'Is it an angel?' eh, Cap.?"

"You're right again, Pete," agreed Cap., "you're dead-right!"

"Yes, Madeline was beautiful," went on Pete, "and she was not one of the inconsequential type, I need scarcely add, but

a true ministering angel, whose principal vocation it was, at that time, to be the cook and maid-of-all-work at 'Sky Farm.' She was about twenty years of age, I should judge.

"Lord Glendenning I took quite a liking to also. 'They are a fine couple,' I thought. He seemed to me a good specimen of the English gentleman—fair-haired, florid, and he had gray eyes. He looked to be about six feet in height, and was broad-shouldered and well-proportioned. 'A handsome, high-spirited fellow,' thought I.

"Young Mr. Brown started out with the reaper for the wheat-field soon after breakfast, and John and I followed him on foot. Before we had gone far, Lord Glendenning caught up with us with a rapid stride (he had stopped to talk a moment with Madeline, and then with Mr. Brown, who remained on the porch and did not go to the field with us).

"'Mr. Brown tells me that you are a

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printer,' he said, coming alongside of me, 'and acquainted with Jack Lafarge.'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'that is true. It was Jack, indeed, who put me "on" to this job,—and I'm glad I came, so far,—that breakfast was "all right." It beats Leadville. It beats anything I've had for some time.'

"'Yes, Madeline is an "A No. 1" cook,' he returned, simply. 'I quite like Lafarge,' he continued, after a pause.

"'Jack is a pretty good sort of a chap,' I returned.

"'I suppose,' he added in a low tone, so that John could not hear, 'that Lafarge has "posted" you all about me and Madeline, and various other town topics?'

"'Oh, he told me a little bit,' I responded briefly.

"'Say,—I beg pardon,' the young lord remarked a moment afterward, 'but what is your name, if I might ask?'

"'Mr. Pastorius,' I answered, smiling.

"'Glad to meet you, Mr. Pastorius,' he

returned, in a manly, free-and-easy way, extending his hand.

"I'm glad to meet you too, Lord Glendenning," I responded, as we shook hands.

"Now, I want to say right off, Mr. Pastorius," exclaimed Lord Glendenning, rather abruptly, "that I don't want my title of "lord" to be a stumbling-block in your way all the time in conversation with me. Please just call me "Mr." Glendenning, and let it go at that. That's what I make all my American acquaintances do."

"All right, "Mr." Glendenning," I said heartily, "that suits *me!*"

"And, to tell the truth, gentlemen, I was really very glad of the arrangement, for I'm afraid if I had thought he expected me to 'my lud' or 'my lord' him—or whatever they say in England—every time I addressed any remark to him, I should not have spoken to him very much, as I certainly should have spoken to him whenever I *did* speak, precisely as I would speak

to an American gentleman, with no ‘my lord’s’ about it, for I’m not built that way.”

“If you *were* ‘built that way,’ you couldn’t go on with your story, for *I* wouldn’t *let* you!” cried Cap., in his most decisive tone of voice. “Could he, Johnson?”

“Well, I ruther guess not! It’d be a d—d slim chance he’d have, I’m thinkin’! Even Muggins there wouldn’t stand fur ’t.”

“If Muggins *did* stand for ’t, we’d throw *him* out, too, eh, Johnson?”

“You bet!” from Johnson.

And both Cap. and Johnson looked kind of sorry that there wasn’t somebody there that needed throwing out. Then Cap. passed Pete the jug, and after they all had a nip out of it, Pete went on with his yarn.

“‘I *have* to make myself more of a public character than I like in paying attentions to Madeline,’ said Lord Glendenning, ‘because of the circumstances of the case, or they would kick up such a wretched dust

about us that I couldn't stand it at all. So that almost everybody knows now that we are engaged. And I can always give a good reason why I am here at "Sky Farm" whenever I *am* here. I'm getting my dollar a day and board right now, just the same as you are, Mr. Pastorius,' said he.

"'Are printers *all* farmers?' Lord Archibald asked me with a smile, after we had been working for a half hour or so, binding our sheaves of wheat pretty handily, for all we did not do it every day, or even once in every year.

"'Where'd *you* learn this trade?' I retorted good-naturedly, smiling back at him.

"'Here,' said he, 'Madeline taught me.—She's quite a farmer herself. Sometimes on a farm, you know, when a thunderstorm comes up, or something like that, the women-folks have to rush out of the house and help the men harvest the crop—and so she "knows how," though it is only upon such occasions, of course, that she turns her

hand to it as a usual thing. She taught me on Sundays, to begin with, and then I hired out here last harvest, and worked for a couple of weeks. And when the threshing machine comes round in the fall, you can usually find me here, too. I've worked at everything around a thresher except carrying the sacks away. I balk at that.'

"'I don't mind that job if one only has to *drag* them away a little distance,' I remarked. 'That's *my* style—but to *shoulder* a sack of wheat and carry it to the granary about a block off makes me feel like balking too, though I have done it.'

"'It is very seldom that Madeline speaks of her mother,' said Lord Glendenning, apropos of nothing, after we had worked near together in silence for some time, 'even to me, and I never press her to do so, but she has told me, however, that her mother comes of a good family—her blood, indeed, is of the best—hers being one of the families of the original Swedish Colony of Col-

orado, near Boulder, you know. And her three sisters and four brothers have all married well as to money, and into some of the best families of the State.' The young lord's voice had begun to tremble, and he paused.

"'I have had some acquaintance with the Swedish Colony near Boulder,' I spoke up quickly, 'and my recollections of it are of the brightest and pleasantest, I am glad to tell you. With a number of farmers' sons of that locality, I joined a threshing crew one season, only a year or so ago, that threshed out the Swedish Colony's wheat, as well as the Belgian Colony's, not far away. We were threshing for some time on De Vreeze's place—I presume you have at least heard of him.'

"'Oh, I know him well!' exclaimed the young lord, 'I'm chummy with the whole family, in fact—and a very charming family they are too!'

"'I thought so myself, what I saw of

them,' said I. 'The ladies I saw little of except at the table. Very pretty girls, I thought, and the boys were fine, manly fellows, whom I got very well acquainted with before we left. I can readily understand Miss Brown's being such a fine cook,' I continued, 'coming from such stock as that. A better table than we threshers enjoyed those days we threshed out the Swedish Colony's wheat, would be simply impossible. The cooking was of the best and if the table had been set for a king, I cannot see how it could have been surpassed. Always plenty of rich cream, always two great pitchers of milk, one at each end of the long table. There was always the great roast of meat, and fruit and fresh vegetables in abundance. Absolutely nothing was lacking, and an abundance of everything. And the cooking, as I say, was of the best. And talk about shouldering sacks of wheat and carrying them off to the granary! You should have seen one of those big Swedes do it!

Such grace and great strength was a sight to behold! Graceful dancing has been likened to a strain of music, and it was like a strain of music, I thought, to watch that big Swedish farmer, with easy grace, shoulder the heavy sacks of wheat at the side of the thresher and stride off with them to the granary a couple of blocks away. And the Swedish settlement was as clean as wax—no dirt or unclean smells there, I can tell you, but all sweetness and light! John can beat us a *little* at this game of tying up wheat-sheaves and making shocks of them,' I said, laughing, after a pause (we were going on with our work as we talked, of course), 'but I can't see that he's doing much more than we are. We get our sheaves done about as soon as he does, and our shocks too, and they look just about as well!'

"'He knows better than to beat us by very much,' returned Lord Glendenning, 'catch him beating the other men by very much!—he does a *little* more—just about

enough to make him feel sure of holding his job, even if we *did* want to get it away from him. And, indeed, to tell the truth, I often envy him, I'll admit,' added Lord Archie, pensively, 'on account of Madeline. He loves her, too—does John, almost as much as I do, if not quite, I believe. He's in luck, he is, to have a steady job here.'

"At about ten o'clock Madeline appeared with a pail of a concoction often drank also in the Pennsylvania harvest fields—(I think the ingredients are molasses and water and a little vinegar, and a little cinnamon grated in, and iced, of course). It tastes very delicious on a hot day in the harvest field. Madeline also brought us each a piece of angel-cake. She put down her pail and basket under a tree at a fence-corner, near where Lord Glendenning and I happened to be working at the moment, and we lost no time in getting to the spot, Lord Archie in two or three long jumps and a yell like an Indian warwhoop.

"‘Oh, how you frightened me!’ she cried with heightened color, as he stood before her.

“Lord Glendenning looked at her adoringly for a moment, and, indeed, she made a very pretty picture, in her pink sun-bonnet and white apron, with her rosy cheeks and cerulean-blue eyes, and Cupid’s-bow mouth smiling sweetly at him. Then, all at once, he caught hold of her hands, one in each of his, ‘My love! my life!’ I heard him ejaculate passionately, in the low voice that women love. (And I don’t wonder they love it, for it means a great deal to a woman when the man she loves speaks to her in that love-impassioned tone of voice.)

“Madeline blushed furiously, and her voice was low and sweet as she cried: ‘Oh, fie, Archie! You know that that is against the rule! and you made the rule yourself! —that we were never to do such things in public!’ Her voice trembled, however, as she spoke, and she smiled very sweetly in

her great happiness in spite of herself.

“‘Yes, I know I made that rule,’ the young man returned penitently, ‘and we ought not to, my dear, and *must not*, but I just couldn’t help it this time—forgive me!’

“She handed him the tin ladle, filled with a drink out of the pail for answer.

“‘Let me introduce you to Miss Brown, Mr. Pastorius,’ the young lord said to me as I walked up to the pail, ‘Miss Brown, Mr. Pastorius. Mr. Pastorius, Miss Brown.’

“‘I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Pastorius,’ she said simply.

“‘Thank you, Miss Brown,’ I returned, ‘and I am also very much pleased to make *your* acquaintance.’

“‘Thank you,’ she responded.

“At this moment young Mr. Brown walked up, and shortly afterward John. And after each of us had had two or three drinks out of the pail along with our piece of angel-cake, in about ten minutes’ time,

we went back to our work again very much refreshed, and pretty Madeline returned to the house.

"'After this you shall always have a pail of the drink while you are at work,' she had said before she left, adding, 'you can keep it under a tree or in the shadow of a shock of sheaves, and with a big piece of ice in it, a pailful will nearly last you through the forenoon and another pailful for the afternoon.'

"'And don't forget to bring us out a piece of angel-cake, or pie, or something else good about ten o'clock every day,' called out Lord Archie to her.

"'Oh, you shall always have your "piece" at ten,' she answered, 'I never forget that!'

"'Thank you!' we both shouted in chorus.

"'And there are three square meals and bed coming to us besides!' said Lord Glendenning, smiling and giving me a good-natured punch, 'and *still* they say the working-man has a hard lot! I think it's a snap

we've got—what do you say, Mr. Pastorius?"

"It seems very much like that just now," I returned, "but remember all farmers do not live the way we're living just now. Such cooks as Miss Brown are scarce, for one thing. Suppose that toddy and cake Miss Brown just brought us had been made by certain other women you and I can remember, if we think a little."

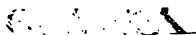
"Too true, too true, I'll own," he admitted, making a wry face, "don't let's think of such things. Some cooks are the devil, and some women are the devil, anyhow," said he, as he started to work with a will, and I likewise, for we both were anxious not to be found wanting in our work, he because he wanted principally to be near Madeline, and I because I thought the dollar a day in my pocket would come very handy.

"I think you make as good shocks as John, Mr. Glendenning," I said to him when

the gong at noon-time for dinner brought us all together again and we all started for the house.

" 'Thank you,' he answered, 'you make me proud! I feel as though I *had* to,' he added, speaking for my ears alone, 'Madeleine told me that I *had* to—that I *must*. She said Mr. Brown told her he wasn't going to stand any nonsense—that I'd got to do my work just as well as anybody else, or get out—he wouldn't have me around otherwise, lord or *no* lord! And I want to congratulate you, Mr. Pastorius,' said he, 'I can't see that you're far behind John yourself. You tie your sheaves good and tight and your shocks are all right. Of course, it's work for us and it's easy for John to keep ahead of us and do it a little better than either of us, because it's his trade, you know.'

"Little did I think as we sat down to dinner at 'Sky Farm' that day, that events had already happened up in Leadville which



were full of significance to a certain extent to all of us, but especially to the family-circle at 'Sky Farm' and, more than all others, to Lord Glendenning and to Madeline. That dinner was the last that fair Madeline was to cook at 'Sky Farm,' and that morning the last that Lord Glendenning would work in 'Sky Farm's' harvest-field.

"There were a couple of letters for me by my plate, as I sat down to the table at dinner. I tore the one open first that I knew by a glance at the envelope, was from Philadelphia—from my home. It contained only a few lines from one of the dear ones at home, but it enclosed what was indeed a very pleasant sight to me then, a cheque for a hundred dollars. 'Well, I'm on my feet again for a little bit,' I said to myself, stuffing it in my pocket-book, a great burden lifted off my spirits. Then I tore the other letter open, and not recognizing the writing turned to the signature, and

behold it was from 'Jack Lafarge'! And it was an uncommonly long letter at that! and stuffed with newspaper clippings besides, I noticed upon opening it!

"'Holy smoke!' Lord Archibald who sat next to me at table on my right, exclaimed to me in a low voice, smiling, as he looked at the large and well-filled envelope, 'when your best girl *does* write, she writes, don't she?'

"I smiled at him for answer, and then seeing that I did not wish to talk, he turned to his dinner again with zest.

"But I ceased to wonder that Jack had written to me before I had scanned the letter very far. It ran as follows:

LEADVILLE, COLO., July 23, 1881.

Dear Pete:—

We've had the most wonderful things happening up here since you left that you ever saw or heard of! The city papers are full of it, and Leadville has talked of noth-

ing else since last night, when these strange and wonderful things commenced to transpire.

What do you think? The "Big Swede's" Dance-Hall is no more! It's burned to the ground! And that ain't all! I don't know where to begin. (You can show this letter to Lord Archie but don't let anyone else see it! Though the whole State's bound to know all in the end, I suppose.) You can give it to him if you like. Let him speak about it to anybody else, just as he pleases, or keep mum. Let him do what he likes about it, but let *him* know right off!

Well, things commenced to happen something like this: Some time yesterday the "Big Swede" got the "tip" somehow that the long-dreaded, often-threatened Day of Reckoning had come for her at last! That she was going to be raided that night at ten o'clock. With crow-bars and axes, the Marshal and a posse were to break into the house, if need be, and with rifles and

revolvers, compel all the dance-hall girls and gamblers and all the men found there—everybody—(including the “Big Swede” herself, of course,—she was to have been the principal victim) to submit to arrest and be taken down in a bunch, and locked up in the county jail till next morning, when their cases were to have been brought up for trial and sentence before Judge Coulter. Of course this was all the work of Leadville’s new Law and Order League that’s purifying the city, you know.

Well, the “Big Swede,” the minute she gets the “tip” dispatches a messenger, post-haste, to Rhinehart, and up he comes at about midday, running his horse for all it was worth, and gallops right up to the “Big Swede’s” this time, instead of putting up at the Continental Hotel, as he has always done before. (His gray horse was dripping with sweat and covered with foam as he galloped through Leadville, so Rhinehart must live a good way off, some people

think who happened to see him, by the looks of his horse, even if he *had* ridden all the way like the wind, like he came through Leadville.) Then in a very few minutes, Mr. Rhinehart and the "Big Swede" were seen to come out of the house together, and proceed down the hill to the Catholic Church Rectory, next to the Catholic Church, not very far you know, and then in about half an hour or so, come out and go up to the "Big Swede's" again. And when this person who had observed the couple make their call at the Catholic Church Rectory, feeling very much interested, and being well acquainted with Father Farr, made a call himself pretty soon afterward upon the Reverend gentleman, and asked him what the couple's business with him had been—(Mr. Rhinehart's and the "Big Swede's") —lo and behold! what should the priest say, smiling slyly, and with a twinkle in his eye, but—"They pleaded with me to marry

them," says he, "and I consented, eventually," says he, "on certain conditions," says he, "and I *did* marry them!" says he. "The 'Big Swede' is no more!" says he,—"She's now Mrs. Rhinehart, if you please!" says he, and the old priest chuckled.

And what do you think, Pete?—the "half has not been told," as the church hymn says. The "boys" soon began to get wind of it—that Mr. Rhinehart had married the "Big Swede" (although, of course, the general public knew nothing of it as yet)—and the "boys," the regular habitués of the dance-hall, dropped up to the "Big Swede's," at their very earliest convenience.

Now, don't think I'm lying, Pete, when I tell you the whole story—it's true! (You must read the newspaper clippings I send you, when you finish this.) What do you think! First one and then another of the "boys" snatched on to his favorite dancing girl, and imitating the good example of Mr. Rhinehart and the "Big Swede" took

a short walk down the hill to the Catholic Church Rectory, and were married by the Catholic priest!— and *darn me!* if all the “*Big Swede’s*” dance-hall girls weren’t married before ten o’clock last night! If it ain’t so, Pete, I’ll eat me hat! The papers are full of it this morning, and all Leadville is talking of nothing else! I send you a lot of clippings out of the Leadville morning papers so you won’t think I’m lying. The Catholic priest has made Catholics of the whole blooming bunch, and he exacted from every woman, they say, a solemn promise to hereafter lead a good and virtuous life, and as a member of the Catholic Church to go to church every day, excepting for sickness or other good excuse. That is, they’re all Catholics excepting the “*Big Swede*” herself. She said she was a member of the Church of Sweden (which corresponds exactly to the Church of England, it seems), and the priest says, “All right,” says he, “that’ll do—but you

must go to church *every day* if it's open!"

But there's more still to come—don't think I've told you all, for I haven't, not by a jugful!

About half past nine the "Big Swede" commences to throw her money around free as air or water! Every girl in the house got a cheque for a thousand dollars! (Don't think I'm lying—it's true.)

The "Big Swede" had eight girls in her dance-hall, and there are eight cheques for a thousand dollars each, with all the girls' maiden and married names all on, down at the bank this morning. All cashed in yesterday afternoon.

(Read that clipping I cut out of the Leadville *Morning Record*—I set that type up meself). And nobody employed about the house got less than a hundred. Then soon after half past nine, the carriages began to stop before the house that the "Big Swede" had ordered the middle of the afternoon. And one by one, with their trunks and what

little they possessed of this world's goods outside of the thousand-dollar cheque the "Big Swede" had given them, the dance-hall girls all drove off with their life-partners—with screams of laughter from the women and whoops and yells from the men—as if they were on the lark of their lives—(and I guess *most* of them *were*, if not *all* of them). Where they went was kept a secret, of course, under the circumstances, as they were, very naturally, fearful of the Marshal and his posse. Nobody knows where they are now—any of them, and won't, I guess, till it all blows over, at any rate, and maybe not then. Of course nobody believes that the "Big Swede" (I mean Mrs. Rhinehart) will ever be seen about these diggin's again for the remainder of her days, or Mr. Rhinehart either, for that matter, for they both settled up all their affairs in this region in a hurry, it is said, yesterday afternoon, old Randall buying Mrs. Rhinehart's gold-mine, "Treasure

Trove," for a hundred thousand, they say! And when all had left the house except Rhinehart and the "Big Swede"—(excuse me, Mr. and Mrs. Rhinehart, I mean)!—the "Big Swede" (Mrs. Rhinehart, I mean)! hustles all over the house with benzine and saturates the carpets in every room with her own fair hands, and then puts the match to the house herself—up-stairs and down—started a fire in every room herself.

And so, shortly before ten o'clock—which was the witching hour for the raid, you know—Mr. Rhinehart and his wife (the "Big Swede" that was, but the "Big Swede" no longer) might have been seen going over the brow of the hill, up the road in their buggy, just as the flames burst forth from all over the house—every door and window was a seething mass of flame, they say, when promptly at ten o'clock the Marshal and his posse stood before the house with their crowbars and axes, and armed to

the teeth, as they had feared they would have a fierce battle before they were through with their work and the "Big Swede" and all her dance-hall girls, and gamblers, etc., and the men found in the house were landed safely behind the bars of the county jail. (For well they knew that a crowd of the husky men of the mines, who are mostly rough and strong fellows, you know—and especially dangerous when on a spree and drinking heavy—were liable to be found inside that house almost any night.)

"What in h—ll!" was the Marshal's first exclamation, they say, as he and his posse dashed dramatically upon the scene, promptly at ten o'clock, as I've said, and his posse then gathered around him inquiringly, the Marshal and all of them astonished and electrified to the last man of them at the sight of the house enveloped in flame, hardly believing their eyes.

The Marshal and his posse were fol-

lowed very shortly to the scene by the fire-engine (and your humble servant along with it—for I was half sick last night and laid off and put a “sub.” on my “case” at the *Record* Office. So when the fire-bell rang I was out in a jiffy and went with them) who, after they saw what the fire was, and after talking with the “Big Swede’s” old darkey, who acknowledged to them that his mistress had set it on fire herself, and after conferring with the Marshal, decided, as the house stood alone and no other property was endangered, to just let it burn. So, then, they all stood around, along with a large crowd which had gathered, watching the conflagration, and stories of the “Big Swede” were on every lip, particularly the last day’s strange and startling developments.

“Is anyone inside there?” inquired the Marshal of the “Big Swede’s” faithful old darkey, who was standing by (whom she had instructed, it seems, to stay behind at

the house, and answer all questions and report to her).

"Nary one!" he replied, "haw, haw! I guess not! eben de cats an' de dogs, an' de parrots an' canaries—dey all is safely out—I saw t' dat, Massa."

"Why, what's the trouble?" queried the Marshal innocently, "where have they all gone so suddenly—and how did the house catch on fire?"

"It jus' kina cort fire itself," replied the old colored man, glancing around nervously.

"Didn't you just tell the Fire Chief a minute ago, that the 'Big Swede' set it on fire with her own hand?" inquired the Marshal severely.

"Oh, yes, dat's so," acknowledged the darkey then, "so she did—I reckamember dat now—she did."

"And where did you say they've all gone?"

"Why, didn't ye *see* 'em go?" questioned

the darkey of the Marshal solemnly—"dey made 'nuff noise! I'd tink ye'd heerd 'em. It wuz jist a picnic, I heerd 'em say, dey wuz goin' on."

"It's a h—l of a strange time to go on a picnic, at this time o' night, that's all I've got to say!" the Marshal responded harshly.

At this moment Judge Coulter walked up. "Hello, Marshal," cried he facetiously, "where are you going—hunting?—with your guns and your crowbars and axes, and all that?"

"Sure!" retorted the Marshal grimly, never cracking a smile.

"It's a h—l of a strange time to start on a hunting trip, at this time o' night," said the Judge, smiling quizzically, as he repeated, imitating the Marshal's voice and gestures, the gist of the remark the Marshal had just made to the old darkey a moment before, which he had caught as he came up.

"Well, you ought to know, Judge," re-

turned the Marshal, a little curtly, though forcing a slight smile, "It's up to you, then, it seems to me, for you set the hour yourself, you know."

"Well, what are you fooling around here for now, Marshal," pursued the Judge quite seriously, though still with his quizzical smile, "there's nothing to do now, either for you or for me, and won't be—this incident is closed." And as he ceased his remarks, the quizzical smile left the Judge's face and he looked as serious as he ever looked in his life, even when upon the Bench. For Judge Coulter knew perfectly well what he was talking about, it seems, to his sorrow, for his only son, Winston, they say, has married and gone off with pretty Louise, the French girl,—one of the "Big Swede's" dance-hall girls—and before leaving home, they say, the young fellow left a note for his father, detailing the whole strange story; so the Judge had inside information, you see. But the Mar-

shal didn't know very much about the matter just then, so he retorted:

"How so? I may ketch 'em yet—I've got my warrants for 'em, haven't I?"

"Yes," returned the Judge tartly, "you've got your warrants all right, I suppose, such as they are—but your warrants are no good now, it happens! Those people that are named on your warrants don't exist any more—most of them! There's not a woman who lived in that dance-hall that has the same name now that she had yesterday! Haven't you heard?—you're dead-slow, Marshal, *you are!*"

The Marshal drew back and surveyed the Judge with incredulity and amazement.

An inspiration seemed to come to the old darkey at this moment, and he spoke up with, "Anyhow, Mr. Marshal, whut kin yu expec' of peoples whut's jist gotted married?—don't dey allus carry on queer?"

"Married!" cried the Marshal, "you crazy nigger, what d' ye' mean?—I sup-

pose you'll be tellin' us next that the whole kit an' crew o' the women in this here dance-hall, the 'Big Swede' and all—have got married and gone off on their wedding trips, eh?"

"Well, dey has—jist dat!" replied the old darkey, adding triumphantly, "ef ye doan' want t' b'leeve *me*, go an' ask de Catolick priest whut married 'em—down in dat house dere!" and he pointed very proudly and majestically down to the little rectory of the near-by Catholic Church, that had certainly seen strange sights and doings not very far in the past.

"You can't bluff me off that way, nigger!" retorted the Marshal who, as you have noticed, perhaps, Pete, wasn't in the best of humor at the failure of all his well-laid plans for that evening.

"He's telling you the truth, Marshal," spoke up the Judge quietly, at this juncture, and then hurried away, as if not wishing to be questioned further.

"Yes, he is, like h—ll!" cried the Marshal, in a loud and angry voice, "whoever heard of such a thing!—It can't be! The Judge must be drunk or crazy to-night," he added to his posse, "to say such a thing as that!"

There was an outcry from the crowd at this moment as some of the timbers of the burning building came crashing down, throwing up a cloud of sparks, and the Marshal turned round and watched the fire.

I had been standing some distance away when the Marshal spoke, but hearing his loud and angry tones, I had come over and mixed among the posse to see what the trouble was.

"The Marshal is a tenderfoot, like you, Bob (begging your pardon), and don't know it all," I heard old Zeke Jones, one of the posse, say to another one of 'em, at this juncture, *sotto voce*—"he does not know what Judge Coulter knows and *I* know,

and all the old-timers in town know. (I speak of the days when almost anything in the form of a woman was a welcome sight to the old town, filled as it was so nearly exclusively with men.”)

“An’ it ain’t much better in that respect now,” responded another man, “every woman in town now is married, so far as I know,” says he; “so I don’t blame the boys so much,” says he.

“Come along now, nigger!” cried the Marshal at this moment, grabbing the old colored man by the arm as he spoke, “you can’t bluff me like that, I say!” And then the Marshal with the old darkey, and all the posse, and almost the whole crowd, including your humble servant, all descended the hill together in hot haste, and in a few moments we all stood in a crowd around the priest’s house, and the Marshal, still holding on to the old darkey, went up on the porch and rang the bell.

Well, Father Farr answered the ring of

the door-bell himself at once—(very likely he was looking out the window at the time, and saw us coming)—and gladly verified with several added details, all the facts and circumstances practically as I've related them. And you never saw such a dumb-founded Marshal and posse in all your life, Pete! They simply couldn't believe it, and yet they *had* to—for the old priest absolutely asserted, in so many words—and the whole crowd heard him, including meself—that he'd married the whole kit and crew of those women in the "Big Swede's" dance-hall himself—the "Big Swede" and all—and that they were all now married women!

"Holy smoke!" was all the Marshal could find breath to ejaculate as he bid a polite good-night to Father Farr, releasing the old darkey's arm at the same moment, who promptly, and with the proud step of vindicated innocence, trudged up the hill again to the burning house, while

most of the crowd, including myself, followed the Marshal and his posse back into town.

And here's a good story I must tell you, Pete, before I close. It comes through Winston Coulter, the Judge's son, who married pretty Louise, the French girl, you know, as I told you, so it's straight goods. One of our reporters got it from the Judge, whom he interviewed, but he promised the Judge not to publish it. It was in the letter Winston wrote his father before his departure.

It seems that before the "Big Swede" (that was), Mrs. Rhinehart, that is, gave the thousand-dollar cheques to the girls, she called them all together in the parlor and made them a little speech.

"Girls," says she, "I'm going to give each of you a cheque for a thousand dollars."

"Oh, ain't you a dear!" cried pretty Louise, who was standing nearest, before

she could say any more, throwing her arms around the "Big Swede's" neck and kissing her over and over again; and some of the girls screamed for joy, as women will, and, like women do, some threw their arms around each other and kissed each other, and one or two fainted for joy, I believe.

"And I'll tell you what I want you to do, girls," the "Big Swede" continued, as soon as she could make herself heard in the hub-bub, "but let me speak first about myself. I want to say, first of all, girls, that I don't bear the Law and Order League any ill-will in this matter at all, and I don't want any of you to feel so, or say a word against them. They are all right, girls, and—and—" (her voice choked up a bit here, they say, from her emotion, her breast heaved, and she was otherwise visibly moved) "we're the ones who are—who are—wrong—that is, I mean who *were* wrong." She mastered her emotion with a strong effort and went on:

"But yet, I think, my girls, I am not going beyond my rights—even my legal rights—in taking this step to-night," says she. "For to the Marshal and his posse I am still the 'Big Swede'"—

"But you're my wife, now!" sang out Rhinehart, who, with some of the other men, was peeping in the door, it seems.

(Mrs. Rhinehart had strictly enjoined on her new-made husband and the rest of the men, that they must wait out in the hall till her last good-bye meeting with her girls was over.)

"An' if that pesky Marshal or any o' his pesky posse dare to lay a hand on my wife," continues Rhinehart, fiercely, "if he don't remove his paws mighty quick when I give 'im the password, 'hands off, scoundrel!' I'll open up on 'im with both six-shooters at once!—I will, s'help me!"

"It's all right, George," interrupted Mrs. Rhinehart gently, "now, be good, George, and leave us alone, please, as you promised.

I'll be with you in a very few minutes, dear!"

Mr. Rhinehart's head disappeared. "Let's dance a jig together, boys," cried he gaily to the other men, "while we're waiting for the ladies! Play us a jig, Sambol!" And in a moment the fiddle squeaked a gay tune and the men were all having a jolly stag-dance together in the hall.

"But Mrs. Rhinehart has some rights that the 'Big Swede' didn't have," she went on seriously, "and so with you, my girls, thank God! You, too, God has been very merciful and good to, also! You, too, have rights now as married women," says she, "that you did not have before. So I think that you and I are well within our rights," says she, "in making good our escape tonight from the Marshal and his vile prison! faugh!" (with a flash of her blue eyes and a gesture of disgust).

"The Marshal can't lick me *nohow!* *No!-how!*" yelled Rhinehart, peeping in

the door again. "I can lick the Marshal with one hand!" he went on. He had been imbibing rather freely to celebrate the day, I guess, no less than some of his companions among the new-made Benedicts. "I can lick 'im with one hand tied behind me!—I"—

"No, you mustn't, George!" cried Mrs. Rhinehart softly. "George, dear, you mustn't talk so, either—I won't have it, dear!"

"Oh, I mustn't, eh?" half fiercely, then at once breaking into a broad smile, "All right, my dear. If you say I mustn't, I mustn't—I won't do it any more. Anything to please the ladies," and he tiptoed into the room and kissed his wife, and then quickly tiptoed out again. Mrs. Rhinehart smiled happily for a moment, and then continued gravely her address to the girls.

"And I was not joking, girls, when I told you I was going to burn this house down to the ground to-night!—just as soon as we

can conveniently get out of it! *I have sworn to do it!* By the time the Marshal gets here, we shall all be out and this house will be a mass of flame! And with the destruction of this house," she says, passionately, flinging up her arms, her hands clenched, "that woman that I have been—that woman known in Leadville as the 'Big Swede'—*dies with the house!*"

(Here there were sundry shrieks from the assembled girls, it seems.)

"Oh, don't be afraid—I'm not going to commit suicide," she made haste to add more calmly, "no, not that—though if it hadn't been for Mr. Rhinehart, girls, I'm very much afraid I should have done so. But now it is different."

By this time the men had ceased their dancing and noisy antics in the hall, and there was dead silence, and Mr. Rhinehart and some of the other men were peeping in the door again.

"As Mrs. Rhinehart," says she solemnly,

and very deeply moved, "I am going to be good, girls!"

(And here a great sob choked her for a few moments.)

"I am going to keep my promise to the old priest religiously!" she says fervently, after a pause. "And, girls," (with a suppressed sob, and catching her breath) "I want you all to do the same! I want you all to be good, too!—"

(And here the tears commenced to trickle down her cheeks and she took out her handkerchief and wiped them away, and dried her eyes; but they kept on trickling, and then she just put down her handkerchief and let them flow.)

"We've got the chance to be good now," says she, "God has given us another chance!—and the hell we'll go to now when we die will be nothing," says she, "to what we'll go to if we let go of God's hand and wander away from Him again! So the old priest said, and I believe him! And

as I promised him, so did you! and he said, you know, he wouldn't *marry* us without! And I want you all to keep your promise, too, just as religiously as I am going to keep mine, with God's help!"

(Here she broke down at last completely, and sobbed loudly, and covered her face with her hands for a moment—and pretty Louise, the French girl, sobbed in sympathy, and then rushing forward again to Mrs. Rhinehart, threw her arms around her again, in a tempest of tears, and they sobbed in each other's arms for some moments; and then all the other women in the room seemed to join in, they say; and even the men out in the hall were most of them crying too, they say, by this time, Mr. Rhinehart leading the bunch. The "Big Swede" had them all crying, so the story goes, when she burst out crying, saying "she was going to be good, and that they must all be good, too!"

(I believe myself, Pete, that if Rhine-

hart had failed to show up when she sent for him in her trouble, she *would* have committed suicide and actually died with the house as she said. It would have been just like her.)

Then at the last she had all the girls come up, one by one, and she gave each girl her cheque and kissed each girl good-bye, and then the carriages commenced to stop at the door for the newly married couples, as I've told you.

And not more than half an hour after that, when the Marshal and his posse arrived on the scene, the house was a mass of flame, as she said it would be, and as I've told you before.

By Jiminy! Pete—they can say what they like, but I believe those fellows got the tip somehow, and knew it d—n well all along that each girl was going to get a thousand dollars, or they wouldn't have been so d—n quick to marry them! Don't you think so, yourself? Why, by Jim!

some of them *couldn't* have done it, Pete, if they had wanted to ever so much, I don't believe—I have my d—n doubts that more than one or two of them had the "spondulix" of their own to get married on and take a wedding trip. But the thousand-dollar cheque made it all possible you see, Pete, and they caught the fever from Rhinehart, I suppose, who's a dev'lish fine-looking man, as I've told you, and a rich man at that, so they say. So they followed suit on his lead, and the "Big Swede's" whole bunch of dance-hall gossamer went off like hot cakes, and gave Leadville the biggest sensation she *ever* had, I guess! and there won't never be another one to equal it, I don't believe!

Now, what do you think of that for a piece of news, Pete? Ain't it a corker? You bet your boots! But there's a little more besides that I almost forgot—there's fifty thousand dollars in the Rocky Mountain Bank of Leadville, in Madeline

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Brown's name, and subject to her will and pleasure now at any time, so the bank people say in a little advertisement in all the morning papers, a copy of which I've sent you.

Well, I guess that's all, Pete, Good-bye!

Yours truly,

JACK LAFARGE.

P. S. But I find another reporter's note in my pocket, that I got hold of, which we are going to publish in the *Record*, to-morrow, I think.

To the priest who married them, Mr. and Mrs. Rhinehart said Madeline Brown was their daughter, and they've had a lawyer draw up a legal paper to that effect, (which the lawyer is to get to Madeline) and which reads as follows, (according to one of our reporters who interviewed the lawyer) :

"Mr. and Mrs. Rhinehart do now solemnly acknowledge and affirm, that one

Madeline 'Brown' so-called—is, actually and truly, their bona-fide and legal beloved child and daughter, by a run-away marriage years ago, and that her true and legal name is Madeline Rhinehart; and that should said Madeline Rhinehart now, or at any future time, ever so desire, she will be sure of a daughter's welcome, and to share in all and every her said rights as our said beloved legal child and daughter. And said Madeline Rhinehart can come into communication with us now, or at any future time, by calling upon or addressing: 'Rev. Father Farr, Leadville, Colorado.'

(Signed)

"Mr. and Mrs. G. Harry Rhinehart."

And Rhinehart, our reporter says, delivered himself further to this lawyer, in answer to a question, of the following very significant remark: "*What! that d—d and perjured scoundrel!*" (referring, the lawyer says, to the man who, it seems, broke off his engagement to marry the

"Big Swede" (Mrs. Rhinehart, I mean after her father had lost his fortune down in Denver years ago,) "No, Never! And I want to undo a great wrong as far as I can, do ye see? So I've married my wife over again, and I want you to make Madeline and the whole world acquainted with the fact that she is our legal daughter, so that she can be perfectly free to come and live with us if she wants to, or write to us for help, or money, or anything, you know."

So her right name's Madeline Rhinehart now, you see; and always was, according to Rhinehart's statement.

J. L.

"Had I felt like doubting Lafarge's letter, the newspaper clippings enclosed were verification complete of all that he had written. I skimmed over the letter and clippings as hastily as I could, taking a mouthful of dinner now and then.

"'You better eat your dinner, Pastorius,' said Mr. Brown, 'is that letter from your girl?'

"I smiled but said nothing, and as soon as I got a chance turned to Lord Glendenning, and said in a low voice: 'Mr. Glendenning, I want you to read this letter of Lafarge's—skim over it, right away, it will interest you.'

"'I'll read it to-night,' he said, 'when we get done our work.'

"'No,' I insisted earnestly, 'I wish you would read it now—right away, Mr. Glendenning.'

"He gave a little start and looked at me very much surprised.

"'I know you ought to, you see, Mr. Glendenning—it is very important that you should, I think, and so I won't let you off. Read it now, please. Take my word for it, you will not regret it.'

"He saw that I was intensely in earnest,—though he could not understand it, of

course,—so he took the bulky envelope from my extended hand at once.

“ ‘I make you a present of it, Mr. Glendenning, newspaper clippings and all,’ said I—‘what you don’t like you can burn up. I think Lafarge would have written to you instead of to me, anyhow, had he dared. It concerns you more than me—it concerns Madeline and you more than anybody else. Lafarge never wrote to me in his life before, and he told me to show the letter to you—he wants you to know, that’s it—I’m just the “go-between” you see. So take it and keep it and welcome.’

“ ‘Thank you!’ replied he, in a mystified way, ‘and please thank Lafarge for me when you see him, for the favor.’

“He was reading the letter by this time. Of course, almost from the first words, his interest was intense, and he fairly flew over it to the end.

“When he had ended there was no one in the room but Madeline, himself and me,

the rest of the family-circle were on the cool porch taking their noon siesta, and Madeline was clearing off the table.

"'Most remarkable! Most remarkable!' he ejaculated, glancing first at one and then another of the newspaper clippings, as he spoke, 'I may keep the letter and all, you say? I want to show it to Madeline.'

"'Yes, certainly, that's what I said,' I returned, 'it is yours—do what you please with it. Excuse me. I will leave you together—I will go out and take a snooze on the grass under the trees.'

"So while the rest of the household were taking their noon-hour siesta outside, Lord Glendenning and Madeline were having the confab of their lives over the contents of Lafarge's letter. And as the rest of us started out for the wheat-field again, and Mr. Brown, Sr., re-entered the house, something like this, I gathered afterwards, took place:

"'Mr. Brown,' said Lord Glendenning,

'Madeline has consented at last to be my wife.'

"'Well, I swan!' ejaculated Mrs. Brown from the next room.

"Miss Brown, who was with her mother, gave a little scream. 'If I ever!' she articulated faintly, sinking into a chair.

"'Ain't this here rather sudden?' inquired Mr. Brown, as soon as he could get breath to speak at all—he was well-nigh speechless.

"'No, I don't think so,' replied Lord Glendenning, who was evidently laboring under considerable excitement himself. Then he went on hurriedly, 'and we have decided, if you and Mrs. Brown will kindly give us your permission and your blessing, that we will both pack our trunks forthwith and go up on the evening train to Leadville, get married at once, and then go to my Leadville lodgings or to a hotel for the night, and in the morning start off on our wedding-trip.'

"Where are you going on your wedding-trip—and where will you live?" inquired the old man, dumbfounded, and his wife and daughter here came into the room, and gazed in speechless amazement at the young Englishman and Madeline, as the hopeful young couple stood there in the middle of the room together, Lord Archie's protecting arm about pretty Madeline's waist.

"Oh, we will go straight to London, England, my home, just as soon as we are married, and live there," returned the young man smiling.

"Now for our trunks at once, darling!" he added to Madeline. "We shall have to hurry to catch that train." And they both hastened out of the room and upstairs.

"Say, darling, what are you going to do with your fifty thousand dollars?" inquired Lord Archie of Madeline, as they were packing their trunks together, while young Mr. Brown, John and myself were

toiling away in the hot harvest-field.

"*That money!*" exclaimed Madeline passionately, looking at him horrified and all in a tremble of excitement at once, 'I won't touch a penny of it! Don't you believe I will, Archie Glendenning! I tell you I won't touch a penny of it!' and the agitated girl covered her horrified face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Never mind, Madeline dear!" returned Lord Archie gently, and quickly going up to her, took her in his arms, and stroked her hair tenderly, and kissed her quivering lips. 'You don't *have* to, if you don't *want* to, sweet, I have enough without. And I love you all the better, darling, because you feel that way about it! We'll give it to some church, sweetheart, or anything you like!"

"(And not many years after this conversation between Lord Glendenning and Madeline, the passer by that old lot on the hillside, on the outskirts of Leadville,

where the 'Big Swede's' dance-hall had once stood, might have noticed quite a pretentious building which stood thereon, the sign upon which read: 'The Madeline Brown Mission.'

"In conclusion let me say, that after Lord Glendenning and Madeline were married —(which happy event was accomplished very quietly by them on account of the great notoriety into which they were thrown by the sensational developments I have related—the marriage taking place as soon as they arrived in Leadville on the evening train from —— City of the night in question, at the Episcopal Church of the Holy Name, of which the young Englishman was a member, and the young English Curate of which was an intimate personal friend of his whom he had known in England—the marriage being witnessed only by the ladies of the Rectory)—the happy couple repaired for the night to the groom's old bachelor lodgings, and after spending most

of the night in hurried preparations for departure on the morrow, they boarded, early in the morning, one of the fast transcontinental 'flyers', on which they speeded out of Leadville forever as they ate their breakfast, headed straight for London, England, their cabins on one of the great Cunard ocean-line steamships from New York all engaged.

"When they arrived in London, I might add, he introduced his beautiful wife to his mother and sisters, and it is needless to say they were all delighted with her, and nobody is more highly esteemed in London to-day, in the aristocratic circles in which they move, than beautiful Madeline, Lady Glendenning, and she lives very happily, I have been told, in a handsome house in Sandringham Terrace, the pride and best-beloved still of her husband, and much beloved also by the poor and unfortunate, to whom she is very kind."

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"Oh, well, why stop?" cried Cap., "go on, Pete, go on!" And Johnson and Muggins both insisted in chorus that Pete "keep it up"—they "weren't a bit tired."

"Keep a-goin'," cried Johnson, "keep a-goin'!"

"Yes, keep the ball a-rollin', Pete!" cried Muggins.

"But that's the end of the story," declared Pete, puffing away on his pipe.

CHAPTER III

WHICH DETAILS THE DOINGS OF THE THIRD NIGHT, WHICH, BECAUSE IT IS SUNDAY, THEY DEVOTE TO LETTER-WRITING, AND NO STORIES ARE TOLD.

"This is Sunday night, boys," said Cap. reflectively to his companions, as they were all sitting as usual in the evening around the little table, with the jug and glasses, pipes and tobacco in the center of it, "and we haven't done a cussed thing different (excuse me, gentlemen) I mean, a 'blessed' thing different from what we always do every other day. Johnson took his gun and started out hunting, as usual, just as innocent."

"I'll be doggoned ef I knew 'twas Sunday!" put in Johnson.

"Of course not! who said you did?" replied Cap., "I didn't myself. And Mug-

gins also started out hunting, in another direction."

"I'll take my oath, *I* didn't know it was Sunday!" asserted Muggins.

"Of course not!—And Pete went fishing as usual," continued Cap. quizzically, "and caught a rather unusually big mess of trout I thought I heard him say."

"I'll have to own up too," cried Pete, "that I never once thought of it's being Sunday!"

"Of course not, of course not!—Johnson, did you shoot anything?" he inquired, turning to the old hunter abruptly.

"Ye say ye saw me start out with me gun," replied Johnson sententiously.

"Ah, I understand," said Cap., smiling good-humoredly, "excuse the innuendo, Johnson. Now with Muggins it is somewhat different. Muggins, I'll bet fifty dollars you didn't shoot a thing!"

"Take him up Muggins!—By Jim, he's got you there, Cap!" cried Pete, "he shot

a rabbit!—didn't you see it hanging outside on the cabin when you came in?"

"You bet I'll take him up! You hold the stakes, Pete, till I prove up!" He took out his cheque-book and commenced writing.

"I'll take it all back!" cried Cap. laughing heartily, "I never bet on Sunday night!"

They all had a good laugh at that. "I'll remember that next time," cried Muggins, "but I'll bet you won't, Cap.!—(It beats all how virtuous Cap. is gettin' t' be nowadays," he continued in a stage-whisper to Johnson, "*he don't bet on Sunday night, just think o' that!*")

"What I started out to say was," said Cap. soberly, "that, as it is Sunday night, I suggest that we have a different program to-night. I suggest that we all write letters home to our wives. And Pete can write to his sweetheart."

"I'll write to my mother," said Pete simply.

And then, like four souls with but a single thought, the four men, without any more words whatever, hunted up pen, ink and paper, and soon were all silently scratching away around the table as though their lives depended upon it.

CHAPTER IV

CONCLUSION

The next morning Pete took a horse and rode down to Lyons to post the letters and get the mail, and he brought back a letter for Cap. which ended Cap.'s hunting and fishing trip in a hurry.

His wife was sick and begged him to come home at once.

"But you fellows must stay your time out," he said to Muggins and Johnson, "don't mind me!"

But they both insisted that it was impossible. If one went they must all go, they both agreed.

So the three men waited no longer than to get out in the woods, piloted by Johnson, and secure each his promised deer, which the old hunter had carefully hung up each

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in a tree near where he had shot it, to be safe from wild animals. Then the cavalcade of three horsemen, each horse carrying a deer besides, struck the trail for Longmont, and Pete was alone again.

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